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Among the features of the SATURDAY REVIEW next week will be signed articles by Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood and Mr. Gilbert Cannan.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Radical Party is out for a Republic—that, beyond doubt, is its ugly temper at the moment. It is not only under the hat of Mr. Ward, the navy M.P., that bitter thoughts against the Crown lurk. There are plenty of other signs of Radical hatred of the kingship which have been given in Parliament and in the Press and at the Radical clubs this week. For example, there is Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., who is no longer content to insult in his "private correspondence" the Speaker, but must now openly in Parliament interrupt his own leaders to assail the Crown with a savage enquiry as to its share in the negotiations with General Gough and his officers.

Then when the Prime Minister and the Secretary for War defend the Crown against its enemies the Radical Party sits silent. Nothing could be more significant of this tear-'em, down with the Army and the Crown attitude of the Radicals in the House of Commons than their expression whilst Mr. Asquith was speaking, for example, on Wednesday. They looked like chained and ill-conditioned dogs, snarling, bristling with hate. Mr. Asquith has never been in such danger as he is to-day of sharing the fate of Actæon, who was torn to pieces and eaten by his own hounds.

Out of the hullabaloo one fact at least comes clear—the foul plot to rush the country into civil war and to baton to death the Loyalists of Ireland has failed. The engineers have this time been hoist indeed by their own petard! A few years ago these same traitors cheated and forced the Throne, thrusting on it their Parliament Act. They have tried to cheat and force the Army: but a plain, blunt man in General Gough has set them down.

In good old days many a false servant of the Crown has trod the plank for a less malign act than that which

these arch-plotters botched in their guilt and greed mingled with fear. Nothing as dangerous, nothing half as mean, has been contrived by the worst and most venal specimens of party politicians since our Parliamentary system began. The young officer whose letter appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" this week—one of the few who were half-duped, half-dragooned by Colonel Seely and his crew—got the right name for the act and the infamous threat of the authorities—namely, "diabolic ingenuity".

The wicked plot then—the "hellish" plot, Mr. Churchill would call it if he were not in it—has failed, partly through the clumsiness and hot haste, and partly through the cowardice of the people who tried to hatch it. But more harm has been done in a day to the British Army, we fear, than the Anti-militarists and the politicians who wish to reduce the Estimates can do in a lifetime. Frankly we feel this injury to the Army not less than we feel the intended injury to the Ulster Loyalists. We detest the idea of the Army being brought into the political quarrel. We hate it because it tends both to soil the splendid tradition of our Army and to split the Service into parties, and to sap the strength of discipline. We have never thought for a moment of the British Army in terms of party politics. To drag in the Army is practically as fatal as, or even more fatal than, dragging in the Crown. And earnestly we hope that when this hateful business is past, all good Conservatives and Liberals alike will agree to make a barrier insuperable in future between party politics and the British soldier and sailor.

Colonel Seely's record, when examined, is surely more deplorable than that of any other person concerned in this disgraceful affair; for—a thing which seems to have been quite forgotten—this is the man who rose to high office largely by means of his supposed passion for liberty and broad humanity. He is the politician who was consumed with indignation, sympathy, and all the rest of the maudlin sentimentalist's usual stock-in-trade at the time of the cant about slavery and chains and the Chinese a few years ago.

The very man who tried a week since to fire the train that was to blow the Ulster Loyalists into the air because they will not consent to be put under the heels of the Home Rulers!

The resignation of Colonel Seely was a Ministerial swindle. It was a case of resignation-cum-reinstatement all in one. The lovers in the poem fell out in wrath and speedily kissed and made up again in tears; whereas Colonel Seely in the very act of falling out or falling away from his Front Bench lovers kissed and made up again with tears—tears of a kind of sick-sensitive and morbid honesty. Resignation for a Minister to-day who has made a mess is the sovereign cure for that Minister's ills—he will be instantly back with acclaim on the Front Bench. It is as good as apologising for indelicate investments on the strength of tips from Government contractors, except that you do not get a champagne lunch for it at the National Liberal Club.

Colonel Seely denies the plot, and Mr. Asquith, of course, supports him. We are told that no military or naval operations were intended against Ulster; that it was only a question of guarding some powder and guns. These assertions of the Government are incredible. Nothing, Mr. Balfour said on Wednesday, would ever make the historian believe that something more was not in contemplation. Colonel Seely's explanation does not cover one-half of the facts.

First, there is the speech of General Paget himself, reported by an ear-witness. Mr. Bonar Law read this speech to the House on Monday; and it has not been shown that the version he read is essentially incorrect. Here is the report: "Sir Arthur Paget said that active operations were to be begun against Ulster; that he expected the country to be in a blaze by Saturday; that he had been in close communication with the War Office; and that he had the following instructions from the War Office to convey to the officers:—'Officers domiciled in Ulster will be allowed to disappear . . . Officers who are not prepared to undertake active operations against Ulster . . . were to send in their resignations and would be dismissed the Army'".

General Paget when he made this speech had come straight from the War Office. Is it the speech of a general with orders merely to guard guns and powder? If the officers addressed by General Paget were not expected to attack Ulster, why should officers domiciled in Ulster be allowed to disappear? Why should they be told that they need not guard powder and guns in Ulster unless they really liked? Are the London police who live in London told they may "disappear" till after a riot has been put down or after a thief has been captured?

But Mr. Asquith asks us to believe that General Gough resigned because he was asked to guard some powder and guns. It was all an "honest misunderstanding". General Gough, says Mr. Asquith, only *thought* he was being asked to march against Ulster. He was never asked to do any such thing. He misunderstood; and, when the misunderstanding was cleared up, he took back his resignation and returned to Ireland. How does this explain General Paget's speech about the country being in a blaze by Saturday? How does it explain the appointment of General Gough's successor? How does it explain that officers whose families were domiciled in Ulster were not required to serve? Finally, how does it explain the document which General Gough took back with him to Ireland? General Gough, it seems, wanted a guarantee on paper that the Army would not be required to march against Ulster. Why should he ask for this guarantee, and why should the guarantee be granted, if the Government had never suggested any such thing?

The two critical paragraphs of General Gough's guarantee are as follows:—

"His Majesty's Government must retain their right to use all the forces of the Crown in Ireland or elsewhere to maintain law and order and to support the Civil Power in the ordinary execution of its duty."

"But they have no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to crush political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule Bill." This was Colonel Seely's pact with the officers—a pact we are asked to accept as evidence of a simple misunderstanding!

The pact was signed by Colonel Seely himself, Sir John French, and Sir John Spencer Ewart. Mr. Asquith explained on Wednesday that these paragraphs were not authorised by the Cabinet, and that he had not seen them when he told the House on Monday that General Gough had returned to obedience in Ireland *unconditionally*. Colonel Seely had put them into the document himself. The Cabinet repudiated the paragraphs on Wednesday, and Colonel Seely publicly resigned. But Colonel Seely was at once taken back into the Cabinet, and the document he signed still exists as witnessed to by Sir John French and Sir John Spencer Ewart. Are we to believe that a position such as this has arisen out of a simple misunderstanding between the Government and the Army? Colonel Seely's conduct is only credible if we assume that there was a plot, and that Colonel Seely had to satisfy General Gough and get him quietly back to Ulster.

Sir John French naturally offered to resign. That event, for the Army—and we think first of the Army in this tangle—is the worst so far that has happened. The Army is in peril of losing the finest cavalry officer in the Service. Sir John French's offer to resign was inevitable, after the Government had repudiated a guarantee to which he had put his name, for whose validity he had given his word to officers who trusted him. His resignation is typical of the damage done to the Army in these last days by the Government. When they offered a choice to officers in the Army to march against Ulster or be dismissed, they forced the Army into a disastrous position. Mr. Asquith says offers and choices should never be presented to military officers. But this offer and this choice was presented. A decision was thrust upon the Army.

Mr. Asquith has denied; Colonel Seely has confessed; Mr. Churchill has rebutted the "hellish insinuation"; but the facts point too directly. Mr. Churchill at Bradford began a campaign of provocation. Mr. Lloyd George at Huddersfield continued it. A display of armed force was to be simultaneously made against Ulster, Mr. Churchill using the fleet, Colonel Seely using the troops in Ireland. The country was to "be in a blaze by Saturday". The foul plot failed. Certain officers asked to choose between participating in a *coup d'état* for the armed coercion of Ulster and resigning their position in the Army chose at once to resign. Moreover, they would only accept reinstatement on condition that they were not in future called upon to join a similar conspiracy. There is here no question of the Army being put above Parliament and the people. The Government sought to use the Army in a party plot, and the Army refused.

This was not a question of obeying orders. The officers were asked to choose whether they would be the instruments of a certain policy or whether they would free themselves from such a responsibility and sacrifice their careers. They were told what as soldiers they would be required to do, and asked whether on those terms they would continue to be soldiers. Civil war is not a riot, but war, wherein soldiers are ranged on either side. Lord Robert Cecil put the distinction very clearly on Tuesday between officers on duty faced with riot and officers invited to choose between the duty of fighting and the duty of resigning. Mr. Balfour, in a fine passage on Monday, also had drawn

the clear dividing line. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whose two speeches this week were equally fine and finely delivered, was challenged to distinguish between the "coercion" employed by Mr. Balfour as Chief Secretary for Ireland and the "coercion" planned by Colonel Seely. Mr. Chamberlain's retort was instant and unanswerable. "You may quote the example of my right hon. friend when the Ulstermen fire into the houses of those who disagree with them, when they tar and feather women who disagree with them, and when they maim cattle."

Mr. Churchill described the issues which come out of the tangle the Government has made as "Parliament versus The Army", and "The Army versus The People". Here we see the line which would be taken by smart electioneers throughout the country were Parliament at once dissolved. Doubtless they would also suggest that the Army had been "got at" by the Opposition. Already the lying begins. The Army has refused to provoke a quiet and orderly people—to act as the agents provocateurs of Mr. Churchill and Colonel Seely. Its reward will be calumny and misreport. The Army has refused to be used by the Government in a party game. It will, for its reward, be accused of having played the party game of the Opposition.

All this week the "Times"—which has dealt with the whole crisis with singular power and brilliancy—has been full of important letters on the plot and the assault upon the Army. Perhaps the most important was Lord Esher's early in the week. Lord Esher speaks with an unrivalled authority on the Territorial Force, and he is a man of restraint and reticence in public affairs. He weighs, it is known very well, all he says with great care. Lord Esher feels in duty bound to warn the Government and the country that if troops are sent to quell Ulster the resignations in the Territorial Force will be not less than fifty per cent. The "Westminster Gazette" appears beside itself at this grave announcement, which it calls "monstrous", though it is powerless to deny Lord Esher's estimate. Why is it "monstrous" to try to save the Army and one's country from disaster? Was it "monstrous" of Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts also to warn Governments of the effect of using troops to shoot and bayonet the Ulster Loyalists?

Lord Murray has given part of his evidence before the Lords Select Committee and he has submitted to cross-examination. He admits without question (1) that it is improper for a Minister to make investments in the stocks of a company which at the time is engaged in a contract with the Government of which he is a member; (2) that it is improper for a Minister to invest money in a company closely connected with another company, when the latter is negotiating a contract with the Government of which he is a member; and (3) that it is improper for a Minister to accept any benefit, whether in the shape of information or in any other form, from a company, or a party or agent of a company, which is negotiating with the Government of which he is a member.

Having agreed to those general principles, it remains to be seen how far Lord Murray agrees to the application of those principles to his investments as Liberal Chief Whip. On that matter depends largely the report of the Committee. Lord Murray states that he invested party funds in American Marconis because Sir Rufus Isaacs told him they were a good purchase; as for his own shares those he now owns pay 3 per cent. dividend, while for the accommodation he paid his broker interest of 5 to 7 per cent. He admits also that Home Rails were purchased for the party, but denies that he purchased them, being ill at the time; and adds—in the matter of the negotiations during the Coal Strike—that "the Prime Minister himself knew very little as to what was happening". That was hardly the impression of the House of Com-

mons at the time, but it is probably true that Mr. Lloyd George—who was an intimate friend of Lord Murray—took a leading part in the negotiations. We do not think Lord Murray has strengthened his case by this reservation.

The charges against M. Monis and M. Caillaux stand unshaken so far as the week's evidence has taken us. They are charged with having delayed the proceedings against Rochette—that is to say, they are charged with tampering by personal influence with the Courts. This charge is not yet contradicted by the evidence. It is even implicitly admitted by the Ministers when they counter it by saying that Rochette's advocate had intended to make a speech which might cause "emotion" in the money market and that they only sought to restrain him! There has been, and it seems it is quite usual for there to be, private correspondence between the Cabinet and the Courts. This must inevitably lead to a tampering with justice for political ends.

Mme Caillaux has told her story to the magistrate—the story of a nervous woman who scarcely knew from one moment to another what she would do next. She claims to have been chiefly inspired by a violent allusion of her husband to M. Calmette: "Puisqu'il n'y a plus autre chose à faire, je lui casserai la gueule". Mme Caillaux, after lunching with her husband, and talking mainly about their bad cook, took the enterprise upon herself. She went to "make representations" to M. Calmette. Unfortunately she had bought a revolver the same day to take with her on her husband's election campaign. Happening to have the revolver with her she fired "on a sudden impulse without realising her action." Such is her simple tale.

Signor Giolitti—felt to be the ablest opportunist in Europe—is an interesting figure to-day. The Italian Press seems to be still at sixes and sevens as to why exactly Signor Giolitti resigned; for even after the defection of his Radical supporters he was left with a good working majority. The "Corriere della Sera" thought that, astutely, he prompted the Radical revolt that he might have an excuse to retire for a while to the background. There is another Prime Minister who might take a leaf out of Signor Giolitti's book just now with advantage to himself and his country.

The report from Mexico now is that Mr. Benton was not shot at all. He was stabbed. If this be confirmed, it accounts for Villa's refusal to allow the exhuming of his body; and prohibits once for all any idea that there was a trial or any sort of formal justice in this affair. It was flat murder, and, if other statements of Mr. Benton's "executioner" are of equal value with those already disproved of, it was probably murder wanton and unprovoked.

The elections in Southern Rhodesia have returned an overwhelming majority in favour of the continuance of the Chartered Company's rule. That should settle the question of the renewal of the Charter, so far as the Imperial Government is concerned, and one may expect that the Charter will now be renewed, with certain minor alterations, for another ten years. For that period, and probably for longer, there will be no question of the incorporation of Southern Rhodesia in the Union of South Africa. To the onlooker, the decision of the electors seems unquestionably wise. They will preserve their own State individuality until it is strong enough not to be swamped by inclusion in the Union.

The remedies proposed for settling the Indian difficulty in South Africa are the abolition of the poll-tax, the removal of the regulations preventing polygamous marriage, and a "sympathetic administration" of the Immigration Act. The first point was the substantial grievance, the second something more than a



sentimental irritation, the third presumably means that the Immigration Act will become almost a dead letter for a time. The terms are extremely generous, and fully justify the opinion we expressed as to the fairness of the Commission when it was set up. It now remains for the Union Parliament to give effect to the recommendations, and the Indian problem will be settled for a generation. We hope that those vernacular journals which have used the agitation as a means of embitterment in British India will fairly admit their grievances are met.

The Australian Royal Commission which has been inquiring into the condition of the Northern Territory has not echoed the popular belief that the country is merely an embarrassment. Neither has it adopted the view that it must be cut up into comparatively small farms. Nature is there on too big a scale for the doctrinaires; "Australind"—the name is now almost forgotten—is a land for the capitalist, and for the large capitalist. Its unfortunate failure last century was due to its attempted development by small men who could not last, and by reckless company promoters who brought discredit on the mineral boom of forty years back. Since that time the richest territory in the whole continent—with the possible exception of parts of Queensland and Victoria—has been neglected, its white population has hardly increased, and even the railway facilities from Port Darwin to Pine Creek have been cut down for lack of passengers and freight. Yet the country has unlimited pasturage and enormous mineral wealth.

But before the settler with capital can be attracted, the State must spend capital. The first thing needed is a trans-continental railway from Port Darwin to Adelaide, through the dead heart of Australia. This will be a preliminary to the great railway, some day to be built, from west to east, from the pearl fisheries of West Australia to the mines and ports of Northern Queensland. The Commission recognise this, and advise the expenditure of seven millions on railways. Australia's second need is a big drainage scheme, which will revolutionise the prospects of the territory by (a) storing water, and thus reducing the fear of drought that haunts the stockbreeder; and (b) making the country more healthy. When that is done, Australia may tackle the still unsolved problem whether white children can be bred and breed again in the tropics. On the answer to that question depends ultimately the fate of Australia for the white men.

Can white men live in the tropics? Surgeon-General Gorgas, whose work as sanitary officer of the Panama Canal has helped to revolutionise the conditions of tropical labour, says they can. Mr. Gorgas has helped to keep alive for ten years a large white force of ten to twelve thousand people in one of the most unhealthy places in the world. He says white men can live anywhere else in the tropics where the same methods are adopted. Yellow fever is stamped out on the Isthmus. Malaria is sensibly reduced. The general death-rate has sunk to 23 per thousand annually—higher than that of London, but lower than that of many Eastern European cities. This reassures one as to the future of white labour; but there still remains the question whether white children can be bred in the tropics. Here the evidence is contradictory.

The likeness of Mistral, the Provençal poet who died this week, cannot be found in England to-day. His enterprise was of the same kind as the enterprise of the Gaelic League in Ireland; but Mistral was a big man, and his achievement was more complete than anything the friends of Mr. Yeats can show in modern Ireland. Mistral restored the dialect of his province, and uttered it afresh in poetry. He reigned as a king and patriarch over its life and literature. He inspired a patriotic local life in the South of France, not politically separatist, but enriching the common life of France. His was a great work and its influence will not easily be spoiled.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

### THE FOUL PLOT.

A WEEK of bungling and hard lying has followed the foul plot that failed. But the trickery which has often stood the Government in good stead has deserted them at last; for although the whole truth is not known, and may never be known, enough has come out in spite of the Cabinet to discredit them for ever. Their own story will not hold water, and every Minister who speaks only adds to the confusion.

The obscure history of these events has partially revealed itself. Ulster was to be dragooned during the week-end, and Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Huddersfield on Saturday, showed by his threats that he was an accomplice of Colonel Seely and Mr. Churchill. By Sunday, however, it was realised that the coup planned for Friday had failed, and the Prime Minister sent his démenti to the "Times". On Monday Colonel Seely made a bald explanation which deceived nobody in the House of Commons, and Mr. Asquith, in utter perplexity, shielded his colleagues. He did not then know how badly they had tricked him. He declared that General Gough had returned unconditionally to his duty; an hour or so later he discovered that his own War Minister had given General Gough a guarantee that the services of the Army would never be required against Ulster, and a few hours later all England knew that General Gough had the guarantee. The first result of Colonel Seely's inexcusable action was that for twenty-four hours the Prime Minister seemed convicted of lying in public.

A strong Prime Minister would never have got himself into such a position. Even a weak Prime Minister would speedily have extricated himself by dismissing his colleague. Only a Prime Minister accustomed, like Mr. Asquith, to long impotence under Mr. Redmond's orders would have taken the course he now took. Colonel Seely tendered his resignation, and made great parade of resigning, as he did also of telling the whole truth at last; but it was dragged out of his reluctant chief that his resignation had not been accepted.

Even then it was maintained that nothing more than precautionary measures had been contemplated against Ulster. But that pretence could not account for the cavalry and siege guns and battleships that were to be sent to Ulster; nothing could cover those facts but the truth. And the truth was the one thing which the Cabinet could not tell on this subject.

Unable to admit the truth, the Cabinet bungled still further. Sir Edward Grey declared solemnly that no Government could tolerate a guarantee such as had been given to General Gough—but the Government of which he was a member had in fact given the guarantee in writing, initialled by Colonel Seely, General French, and General Ewart. The guarantee could not be repudiated without further loss of credit.

A little more of the truth came out by inadvertence. Colonel Seely stated that he had given the guarantee to General Gough without the knowledge of his colleagues; Lord Morley contradicted him in the House of Lords, and stated that he also had had a share in the responsibility for the guarantee. Here was yet another "misunderstanding"—three "misunderstandings" had been admitted already, and this further difficulty was only cleared up by Mr. Churchill's plea that all the rest of the Cabinet had gone to lunch, while Lord Morley and Colonel Seely happened to meet in the empty Council Room. The secret history of this affair advanced another stage.

But if the truth were known, we suspect it would be found that the original document as presented to the Cabinet contained the guarantee, that the Cabinet struck it out and intended some more ambiguous phrase to be substituted, and that Colonel Seely, whose talent at concealing the truth is considerable, but not exhaustive, inserted the guarantee again without the express knowledge or approval of his colleagues.



Whether that is the truth or not, we may never know. But of one thing we may be reasonably certain, and that is that what the Cabinet have told is not the whole truth, nor would they have told any of the truth had not circumstances compelled them.

Upon these facts a Liberal revolt was threatened. But the revolt arose, not because the plot to wreck Ulster was made, but because it failed; not because the Cabinet had deceived the House of Commons, but because it had been found out; not because the Cabinet had given General Gough the option, but because they had not repudiated the guarantee. Immediately arose a demand for vengeance—but it was not vengeance against the bungling, treacherous Cabinet that had failed, but vengeance against the Crown and the Army. The Liberal and Labour men have wrecked the House of Lords; they now propose to wreck the Monarchy and the Army, leaving us with an autocracy of Ministers who are prepared to shoot down resistance and to lie when their plot miscarries.

Liberals are now basely calculating the chances of an election fought on an agitation against the Crown and Army. Let them consider the chances of an election fought on the issue that "Every vote for a Liberal means a vote for civil war in the United Kingdom". On that issue, which is the logical conclusion of the policy which Mr. Redmond has fastened upon them, Unionists will meet them without flinching. The country has no use for Ministers who plot one revolution against a loyal province and, when that plan fails, consider the prospects of another revolution against King and Army. The plot has failed, but the Liberal party want the King to pay the penalty of failure.

#### THE DUTY OF THE ARMY.

THE complete subordination of the Army to the civil power is a principle so well established and so thoroughly recognised by sensible men of all parties that we should not deem it worth even an allusion had it not been for the wild talk we have heard in the House of Commons during the past week and the inflammatory statements which have appeared in the Press. No civilian who knows what he is talking about, and certainly no soldier, would contend that he was not under the obligation to act with the civil power to ensure the keeping of public order, once the statutory requirements have been complied with by the local magistracy. It is true that at times the officer commanding a force called out in aid of the civil authorities has been placed in a position of some difficulty. Now, however, as far as foreseen emergencies can be provided for, the regulations have been made much clearer. But the late Irish crisis did not partake of the conditions we have mentioned. Ulster was perfectly quiet, and an unprovoked outbreak on their part is certainly one of the last things any of the Ulster leaders would desire or sanction. Nor can it be justly said that the Army is particularly biased one way or the other in the case of the administration which for the time being is in charge of the affairs of the nation. It is notorious that at least one of the War Secretaries who has presided over the destinies of the Army since the Liberal Party has been in power was more popular and respected than more than one of his immediate Unionist predecessors. But that recent events partook of an exceptional character is clearly admitted by the powers that be, by the alternatives which were put before the officers concerned. The facts of the present crisis are so well known and have been repeated so often in the Press during the past few days that it is unnecessary now again to recapitulate them. Nor is it necessary, after the very full discussions in both Houses, to attempt to apportion the requisite amount of blame to the individual actors in this sorry drama. The principle and the effect on the nation and the Army infinitely outweigh such matters of detail.

But whilst thoroughly recognising the broad

principles which govern the relation of the Army to the civil power, the circumstances in this particular case are so exceptional they hardly have a parallel in history. The elaborate explanations afforded by the Government as to the purely precautionary methods to be adopted last week are clearly negatived by the proposed employment of a cavalry brigade and a naval squadron. These surely could not be needed for such purposes as the safeguarding of stores; and the crass folly of the Government, or at least of certain of its members, in supposing that the Army could be used for purposes of pure aggression against a section of the community engaged in no riot or disorder is beyond belief. It is not as if they had not been warned over and over again. Twenty years ago Lord Wolseley used the memorable words which have of late been quoted so often, and twenty days ago Lord Roberts endorsed in the House of Lords, in no hesitating manner, the dictum of his predecessor in the Commandership-in-Chief. But they would not listen to reason, and the impossible situation they have placed both themselves and the Army in is the consequence. The most lamentable effect of the whole business, however, is the attempt which has been made by hot-headed extremists to bring the Army into the vicious atmosphere of party politics. Without a shadow of reason the Army has been represented as a party machine manipulated by a moneyed caste whose aim is to coerce the people—although it will be news to the vast majority of the officers of the Army that they are a moneyed fraternity! Most of them are poor men, who are only too anxious to do their duty, and not mix themselves in political questions; and the long history of our Army shows that they have never yet been backward in performing their proper duties. The oft-repeated statement by Labour leaders that the Army is always ready to shoot down strikers and yet discriminates in the case of Ulstermen is ludicrous. No striker, as such, in this country has ever been shot down. But when, as one of the results of a great strike, civil disorder has ensued and private life and property has in consequence been jeopardised—a vastly different point—it has, unfortunately, been occasionally necessary in this as in other countries for the military to act, much against the grain be it said, but purely from the obligations of duty. Yet it is to be feared that unscrupulous politicians are prepared to make the Army a party question, and to use it as a further incitement to set class against class. The efficiency and the efficacy of the Army is almost bound to suffer if such a campaign is to be persevered in, with the tragic consequence, which must react on the whole nation, that our prestige and influence in the councils of Europe and throughout the British Empire, indeed throughout the world, must decline.

The Nationalist standpoint is equally inconsequent and anomalous. The British Army has been in the past, and indeed is even to-day, the frequent subject of insult and contumely by a section of the Irish politicians and Press. Certain recent articles in the Nationalist Press breathe the same spirit of hate and intolerance as did the cheering of Boer victories in the House of Commons during the chequered course of the South African campaign, although just at present the Nationalist leaders find it politic to adopt a different attitude whilst speaking to audiences on this side of the Irish Channel. Though they have lost few opportunities of reviling the British Army, they yet expect it to become a passive instrument in the hands of a subservient Government in order to coerce their more loyal fellow-countrymen, whose only desire is to remain under the British flag. That the events of the last fortnight have wrought much harm to the armed forces of the Crown hardly admits of doubt. But it is to be hoped that the more reasonable followers of the Government will pause before it is too late. This altogether unjust campaign of vituperative misrepresentation against the Army will impair irretrievably its efficiency. Already it has put Sir John French in an impossible position. His offer to resign on Thursday is in every way serious for the future of the Army.

## THE POSITION OF ULSTER.

WE have described the tangle caused by the rapid events of this week. How does it affect Ulster? Tension was relieved in Belfast by the "guarantee"; but Mr. Asquith has repudiated the document, although it was signed by the Army Council. In consequence the anxiety in Ulster is revived—though not to the same extent as at the time of the contemplated coup d'état. Ministers have concealed the truth. They have misrepresented facts.

It is no longer possible to believe anything said by any member of the Government. Ulster will pay attention to facts and facts only. After the plot which failed, no one in Ulster trusts the Government.

No one in Ulster is deceived by the fiction that nothing beyond precautionary measures for guarding Government arms and stores was contemplated. The movement of small bodies of troops on Thursday the 19th and Friday 20th was not the cause of the tension. These movements were carried out peaceably and easily. Were it not for the extensive preparations at the Curragh and Kildare and at Aldershot they would have attracted little attention. These extensive preparations are regarded in Ulster as part of an offensive movement; and the orders to the Battleship Squadron and the Destroyer Flotilla confirm the suspicion. Mr. Churchill asks us to believe that field guns were served to the battleships so that the men might land and take exercise on the Scotch coast if the weather was bad. He is not believed. No one in Ulster objects to the Government protecting their own property; but the story that "evil disposed persons" had designs on Government arms and stores is false. It was obviously against Ulster's interest to attempt to seize arms, since such action must lead to immediate reprisals by the Government. Those who believe this story believe that people in Ulster were contemplating action which would lead to the outbreak of civil war at a time when everyone is labouring to bring about a settlement. It is plain that a provocative coup d'état was designed without Mr. Asquith's knowledge and was only prevented by developments at the Curragh. The only possible alternative to this conclusion is that General Paget is a tactless blunderer incapable of understanding instructions given him and unfit to command the Army in Ireland—an opinion which no one holds of the distinguished General. The inflammatory speeches of Mr. Churchill at Bradford and Mr. Lloyd George at Huddersfield, coupled with the refusal of the Government to disclose the oral instructions to General Paget in his visit to the War Office on the 18th confirm the universal belief. A section of the Ministry have deliberately conspired to cause a premature rebellion in Ulster behind the back of the Prime Minister. One thing is clear, Ulster will not be provoked into premature resistance. This week has demonstrated the splendid discipline prevailing in the province at a time of acute tension—her readiness to meet surprise attacks and the absence of panic and mob violence.

There is a growing belief that the events of the week will bring home to the Government, so soon as the excitement has subsided, the impossibility of attempting to coerce Ulster by force. Meantime the present tension must not continue in Ulster. Something must be done and done quickly. The extreme Radicals are in a dangerous temper and if allowed to control the situation will not hesitate to plunge the country into civil war.

The Labour Party have attempted to interpret the resistance of Ulster as an "aristocratic" rebellion. The people in Belfast are justly indignant at the attempt. The Labour Party would have us believe that all the members of the Ulster Volunteers belong to the upper classes. No doubt Mr. Lloyd George's fertile imagination will people the Belfast shipyards with dukes. They are not members of the aristocracy against whom the officers of the Army have refused to march. They are the workpeople Mr. Keir Hardie loves, and they are not yet accused of breaking any law of the land.

Unless temper has already carried the Liberal Party too far, there is still room for a settlement favoured by many of the Government's own supporters. If Mr. Asquith were to defy Mr. Redmond, he could settle the question without sacrifice of principle. It must be borne in mind that Ulster's determination not to submit is the real obstacle to the passage of the Home Rule Bill. Were Ulster satisfied, no matter how much the Unionist Party object to Home Rule in principle, the Bill would pass by the operation of the Parliament Act. Ulster would be satisfied by exclusion till Parliament otherwise determine. The amendment to the Vote of Censure moved by Captain Pirie—a Liberal member—that Ulster should be excluded pending the completion of a Federal scheme for the United Kingdom has met with support from both parties. Even the "Westminster Gazette" wrote on Monday: "There is one road which has so far not been closed by any party, and that is the road of an all-round settlement embracing the whole United Kingdom, and the Second Chamber question as well as the Home Rule question. The period of exclusion offered to the Ulster counties is, in our opinion, the proper opportunity for this, and the stubborn, but narrow, question whether these counties shall go in or stay out automatically at the end of this period becomes of little importance if it is understood that the larger question is seriously to be taken in hand at once." Compare with this the following passage from Sir Edward Carson's speech on the Vote of Censure: "The Prime Minister has told us over and over again that this Bill is to be the precursor of Federation for the whole United Kingdom. I always doubted it. . . . If you have to reconsider the whole question in the next few years, why not put in your Bill that the Ulster counties shall be excluded until the whole question is reconsidered with a view to that Federation of which this is the start? Everybody knows who has considered this question that whatever objection any subject of the Crown may have to a Federation Bill he at all events cannot say he would fight, because as a subject of the King he is receiving equal treatment with every other subject."

The same idea was elaborated by Mr. Cave in his speech, in which he said, "There was a considerable volume of opinion on the Unionist benches in favour of a further measure of devolution throughout the United Kingdom, and many of them would be prepared to set up in Ireland provincial government by one or two assemblies which would make Dublin and Belfast stand to the United Kingdom in the same relation that Pretoria and Durban stood to the Union Parliament of South Africa". The exclusion of Ulster pending an agreed scheme of Federation, while it does not answer the objection of Unionists to Home Rule as such, does provide a solution of the Ulster difficulty. It opens up the whole question of the Federation of these islands. For the Unionist party federation is not a question of principle, but of expediency only. The whole subject has to be examined in all its bearings. The attempt to support the present Home Rule Bill on federal grounds is unjustifiable. The Bill is anti-federal in character. Even with the removal of the provisions relating to Customs, Excise and the Post Office, the undefined powers of the Irish Parliament are incompatible with a system of close federation—the only system possible in the United Kingdom. For that reason the resolute opposition of Unionists to Home Rule is perfectly consistent with their readiness to consider a federal scheme giving limited powers to the local assemblies and preserving in fact as well as in theory the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It will be said that the exclusion of Ulster pending an agreed federal scheme postpones indefinitely the inclusion of Ulster. Ulster will not object to that. On the other hand Mr. Asquith cannot use this contention, since by doing so he goes counter to his repeated assurance that Home Rule for Ireland is only the first step in the federation of the United Kingdom. According to Mr. Dillon the Nationalists will refuse to consent, but if the Prime Minister is really anxious to see the question settled he has the opportunity.



Mr. Asquith can safely stiffen. Mr. Redmond can hardly refuse to support the Home Rule Bill as it stands, while the Unionists must support an amending Bill, excluding Ulster pending a federal scheme. It is true Mr. Redmond would not forgive the Government for their insubordination and would probably turn them out at the next opportunity. As a general election is inevitable in any event before many months are over that should be no obstacle to the only settlement by which civil war can be avoided.

#### M. CAILLAUX AND THE ELECTIONS.

PARIS politics mean nothing or a revolution. The Caillaux affair certainly does not mean a revolution; but it is not quite safe to say that it means nothing. Had it happened six months ago it would have blown over, as a good many other scandals have blown over in the history of the Third Republic. Everyone who is interested in the political game as played in Paris knows that Ministries are made and unmade in salons, at least as much as in the Chamber. But these things are not talked about at the time, and when the truth comes out it is too late to matter. But Madame Caillaux has come into the limelight at a critical moment. The Ministry of which her husband was the leading member existed only to make the elections. As we pointed out at the time of its formation, it combined all the chief elements in French politics. In one aspect a mere stopgap between a Briand Ministry and a Delcassé Ministry; in another it was almost a necessity for six months. And now it has suffered a terrible shock just when the fifth of those months is ending.

The question is not whether the Ministry minus M. Caillaux has any real life, but whether its possible successors will allow it to die. It had one merit: it did not propose to make elections, as M. Clemenceau once made them, or even as M. Briand made them after him. French election-making results from the close relations between the Ministry of the Interior and the Prefects on the one hand and the intensity of local communal feeling on the other. A body of Prefects carefully selected and adequately instructed can be trusted to manage the Communes. By promising the electors what they want locally they can secure the return of tame candidates. M. Clemenceau managed the matter with so strong a hand that he nearly succeeded in staying in office for the whole Parliamentary period—an unparalleled performance in modern French politics. The great advantage of the Doumergue Ministry in the eyes of the two main groups, both of which were anxious to find out just how they stood with the country, was that it did not aim at managing anything. The great question for the electors is the permanence of the Three Years' Service Law. On that question Ministers were divided, and it was notorious that Prefects who asked whether the official candidates were in favour of two or three years got no consistent answer. The only fear was that M. Caillaux, always an intriguer, might stampede the elections at the last moment, and this was why the Briandists were carrying on such a vigorous campaign. The extinction of M. Caillaux leaves the Ministry more harmless than ever, and there is no Parliamentary reason why it should not carry on. But the bureaucracy looks to Paris for orders, and especially at election time it is almost inconceivable that orders should not be given. Whatever the politicians may want, it is certain that they will not allow the centralised Government to collapse. The memory of 1871 is too recent and too bitter for that. If, then, the politicians decide that France must be governed over the election period, the Ministry will fall; otherwise it will be kept going. The next few days will show how things are moving.

Meanwhile, what of the Rochette scandal, of which the Paris Press is so full? The average elector is willing to believe anything about the Rochette scandal,

and whatever he believes will make very little difference to his vote, unless, indeed, it were shown that Rochette was a German spy. For the Frenchman's outlook is across the Vosges, for obvious reasons, and he cares little for domestic politics, believing them to be generally corrupt. The English papers have expressed their horror at the bare idea of the executive attempting to muzzle the judicature, and have rejoiced that nothing of the sort could happen in this country. The less use made of that sort of Pharisaism the better, for the French have a good retort in the word Marconi. But the idea does not horrify the Frenchman. He knows that his executives, being weak and transitory, will seek to use the judicature to strengthen their position; but he accepts this quietly enough, only protesting when the executive attempts to make similar use of the Army. It was such an attempt that caused the long agonising Dreyfus affair, whose last echo quite lately drove M. Millerand from office. Financial scandals may be kept out of the courts, but when the Government strives to make a political weapon out of the Army France is roused. That is the moral of the situation to-day, and it is not without its bearing on insular affairs.

#### THE BOAT RACE.

THE popularity of the Boat Race is one of the minor mysteries of life. It is not a great spectacle like the Derby, or a great picnic like Henley, or a great fashion fair like Ascot. It comes at a bleak and forbidding season. It is rowed on a part of the river that looks well in a Brangwyn etching, but drear and gaunt under a spring sun, and wholly repulsive in spring rain. Few people manage to see the race at all. Those who do see have to be satisfied, if they are on the banks and bridges, with a momentary glimpse of sweeping oars and rhythmically moving fore-shortened backs. Those who get a seat on a launch are in a measure worse off. They lose all impression of a race, moving as they are at the same speed as the boats.

A boat race affords, in fact, no great heart-throbs for the spectator. For the crews, of course, it is different. They crowd into a few minutes half a century of tingling experience. The man who rows in a University eight has done a thing he can never forget. He may spend his life administering an Indian province, or serving cocktails in a prairie town saloon, or dozing in an office in Whitehall, or arguing dull cases before a Chancery judge. But he will never swallow a deeper draught of the mingled joy and pain of life. The wait for the start in the modified mistral of an English March, the sudden change from inactivity to fierce disciplined energy, the rebellious despair of anticipated defeat, the joy of the winning spurt—these are memories that rank before the maiden brief or the first novel, perhaps even before the first serious kiss. But to watch, without much heat of partisanship, is scarcely thrilling. The thing is so machine-like—muscle, mind, and material so nicely attuned—that the very perfection of the performance diminishes its effect as a spectacle. The best things are not always the most striking. The finest break at billiards is generally the least exciting.

Why, therefore, should the Boat Race, alone among the festivals of sport, appeal to everybody, not only to men, but to women and children and—Non-conformist ministers? Why are Dark Blues and Light Blues to be found everywhere, from the workhouse to the nursery, with the arrival of the vernal equinox? The race is not a thing of great antiquity. It started in 1829, but was not formally established till nearly thirty years later. It is not like those old customs—the wearing of the oak, for example—which the country schoolboy cherishes without knowing why. The grubby youth who declares for Oxford and the girl with the doubtful pinafore who sticks a light blue ribbon in her hair would no doubt be puzzled to assign a



reason for their fancy. So, for that matter, would more mature partisans. With people of some education it is easy to understand how a bias comes. It may be connected with the possession of a certificate of one or the other University. It may have been brought about by friendships, or prejudice, or geographical association. The East Anglian naturally inclines, from local patriotism, to Cambridge; the Wessex man has inevitably a friendly feeling to Oxford. London is probably, as a whole, partial to the crew that belongs to its own river. But, after all, there must be something deeper to account for a division as marked as that between Tory and Radical, Churchman and Dissenter.

Possibly, in a dim way, people recognise that the race is a physical test of two English types, and each man backs the thing he loves. The old distinctions of classics and mathematics, Tory and Whig, have long been blurred. Logic does not necessarily mingle with the waters of Granta, or humane learning with those of Isis. In many ways Oxford is more "advanced" politically than Cambridge. It dabbles in Socialism with a wicked delight unknown to the less imaginative race of the eastern University. But there is still, as there always has been, a broad difference between the Oxford type and the Cambridge type. It is carried through great things and small. Oxford cares for the graces of life, whether in profane learning, or theology, or haberdashery; Cambridge takes the argument or the pair of socks that seem most uncompromisingly useful. One might, without knowing anything of the facts, exclaim "Cambridge" after a page of Macaulay and "Oxford" after five sentences of Gladstone. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour is an example of the "Oxford mind" sent by chance to the "country flowing with syllogisms and ale"—which, by the way, has given us troops of poets. It is true that most of them were rather unhappy there; Dryden was anticipating Byron's distaste when he confessed that "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be than his own mother university". It would seem, indeed, part of the "cussedness" of things that brought Spenser, Suckling, Cowley, Marlowe, Jonson, Fletcher, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Coleridge to the banks of the Cam. Milton was well suited there, but most of these others would have harmonised better with the surroundings of Oxford. For Oxford, shall we say, stands for instinct, and feeling, and all that tones down the rawness of pure intellect; Cambridge is rather rawly intellectual. Coleridge once described the Cambridge meat as "veal tottering on the verge of beef". Perhaps the phrase may be applied not inaptly to Cambridge itself. If Oxford is veal, Cambridge tends to beefiness.

Such is the broad generalisation clever writers have exhausted themselves in making—a generalisation which, of course, breaks down in numberless individual cases. But it seems to be grasped with some certainty by the populace; and in quite a large proportion of cases one is fairly safe in judging a person from the wearing of the dark or light blue favour. His politics may be in doubt, but the general tone of his mind and the broad character of his outlook on life seem to be closely connected with his partisanship. Oxford and Cambridge, indeed, really do stand roughly for the two great elements of the English character, but for the judicious blending of which we should be intolerably crude or intolerably insipid.

## SPECIAL ARTICLE.

### AN APPEAL TO REASON.

By SIR MARK SYKES, BART., M.P.

THE events of the last week-end and the debates of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday have produced a situation of such social and constitutional gravity that any person, no matter how obscure, who feels he can suggest anything which may relieve the present strain is bound to give expression to his views. This is my excuse for putting an unready pen to paper.

From the point of view of a Christian, an Englishman, or a soldier, the present posture of affairs is tragic and fatal: the State is threatened with religious war, the social structure is divided against itself, and the Army is compromised. It is no part of the present writer to say with whom the responsibility lies; to whose weakness, obstinacy, precipitancy, or want of foresight should be attributed the calamitous circumstances into which the nation has fallen; if we are to come out of this miserable jungle alive as a people, we must let the dead bury the dead in its noisome shade. The political parties are now at a deadlock on strictly party lines: the Unionist party is pledged to support the Ulster Unionists in their demand for exclusion pending consent; the Liberal party is pledged to the Nationalist party not to grant exclusion on these terms. Under ordinary conditions this would be a mere battle between blue and buff, with its bloodless victories, its posters, rhetoric, scurrilities, harmless exaggerations and amusing falsehoods. But the struggle is no longer that of Eatonswill, and though the main issue may seem to future historians as trivial or as incomprehensible as the beginnings of many another calamity, yet the catastrophe to which we are hurrying is as obvious as it is terrible.

We have 100,000 private citizens in arms organised to preserve what they believe to be their liberty and honour, yet if they are successful they must dash the cup of hope from the lips of a people who for thirty years have, through good and evil times, been devoted to the pursuit of a single object; between these two lies religious and racial hatred as deep and as violent as two hundred years of mutual strife and oppression can make it. We have an Army by unparalleled bungling dragged into politics, made the pawn of Parliamentary controversy, and paralysed as the engine of the executive.

We have for various reasons a feeling of unrest pervading our huge industrial population, comparable only in gravity with that which moved the peasants of England in the days of John Ball. The causes of the economic tremors which seem to presage internal convulsion are as far beyond the control of the labour organisations as that of the various groups of employers. This is our internal state; every material and spiritual bond is loosened, every disruptive passion is stimulated; and it is either by the further weakening of some of those bonds or by further stimulation of some of those passions that a politician of any party must work his way to victory. At a general election the factional cries will be equally ruinous to order and national solidarity. Whether it be the Unionist who asks, "Will you shoot your fellow Protestant?" the Liberal who finds that the phrase, "The People against the Army", draws most cheers; or the Labour candidate who, by conceding to Syndicalism, holds his audience best—each finds his strongest weapon in something destructive of a vital force in the State; and whichever wins the day wins at the expense of his own executive power.

To this, then, has it come: the nation ever regarded by its neighbours as that most capable of extracting an honourable compromise out of the most strained situation is faced by a choice of passions and not of policies, of violences and not of principles.

So much for the internal straits into which party warfare has drawn us. But this is not all; there is more beyond. We are not a city or an isolated state; inevitably we are a part of the world without our borders. The balance of power in Europe hangs by a slender thread. Once let Europe see that England is no longer master of herself—that her peoples are fundamentally divided in creeds and in ideals—then farewell to friendship, alliances, or agreements. Those who relied on us will look elsewhere; those who support us will withdraw their hand; those who desire our downfall will find us at their mercy. We who belonged to what was once the most stable nation within the pale of Western civilisation—which alone boasted a sound constitution, and alone could face social or economic change without fear of bloodshed or disorder—now belong to the only nation in Europe

which cannot develop or arrange its affairs without endangering the whole organism of the State. From being the heroes do we become the helots of constitutionalists in every land. But it is not only ourselves that are involved in our ruin; by chance it happens that we are responsible for the happiness of the descendants of over 300 million souls in India. Of our own act have we set up law, order and government in this vast territory; we have assumed the direction of those countless thousands; we have taken on ourselves the evolution of their destiny. In India anarchism is an ever-present menace to civilisation and humanity: this we hold in check solely by our prestige; our prestige is founded on the integrity of our Army, and on belief in our justice and capacity. This double thread, strong enough in itself to hold India together through any purely Indian crisis, is being hourly frayed and worn by the action of our party strifes; if it snaps, those responsible for its breakage will assume the liability of a load of misery, of rapine, blood, and disorder, more heavy than that which must lie on the souls of Attila or Jenghiz Khan.

When one not only considers all that is threatened by our present brawls, but, on the other hand, remembers all that there is to do, that we should continue in these courses would seem like the counsels of Bedlam. There is Ireland to develop and pacify; there are the people to house, to educate, to lead; there is the sea to hold, the peace of the world to win; there is Asia to guard and train; there is our nation to bind together in fellowship! Can anyone hesitate to affirm that there is more common ground of duty and interest than of strife and hatred between the parties responsible for the mutual conduct of affairs? Is it impossible even at this eleventh hour to compose these differences without loss of honour to either party, and without injustice to any party's client?

The present Parliament has before it another year of legitimate life; if that year were devoted by mutual consent to the reorganisation of the United Kingdom, there is no reason why we should not extricate the nation from the intolerable confusion in which it now finds itself involved.

The Irish question must be settled; the Ulster question must be settled; the constitutional question must be settled; the Army must be saved from destruction. Whatever mandates party men deem they obtained at general and by-elections, there can be no doubt that this is now a unanimous national desire. Parliament as a whole has a duty to the people, above all party pledges; no one was elected to help to bring England to ruin; every member's duty now is to save her from revolution and disorder. To do this we must all forget the past and co-operate in the immediate present, in order to secure justice for all in the future.

The plural voter, the unequal constituencies, the confused situation, and the violences of all party platforms, make a general election, now or next year, useless as a means to final and lasting peace. A Referendum is now useless to cover the larger and more menacing issues suddenly thrust before us. Is it not possible that the present Parliament could solve at one and the same time the whole of our troubles by adopting and passing into law by consent a constitutional reform of general devolution? In such a scheme the Ulster question could be treated on its merits, the disestablishment of the Church in Wales decided by a Welsh Parliament, the constitutional problem solved on a democratic basis, the people given an opportunity of exercising their power freely in local affairs and equally freely on matters of Imperial moment without confusion or misunderstanding; while the dead bones of unequal constituencies, plural voters, and such trash could be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. The Army and executive services would be under the firm control of an Imperial Parliament divorced from the petty but distracting pangs of local business and raised by its eminence above the disastrous influences of the Party machines, and capable at some later date of including within itself the representatives of the whole Empire.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.\*

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

So many an interesting and important thing do I see in the future which I should like to relate, yet I cannot tear myself away from my childhood: the bright, tender, poetic, loving and mysterious childhood. On the threshold of life, in childhood, we have the feeling, the consciousness of all its wonderful mystery. We know life is not only that which our senses convey to us and time obliterates—no, it is the true foreknowledge and after-sensation of the whole depth of life.

Yes, that was a really delightful time. We have finished with our lessons, returned from our daily walk, and are now brought into the drawing-room, waiting for dinner. The drawing-room has a large divan, a round mahogany table, four armchairs at a right angle to the table. Opposite the divan there is the balcony door, and on the wall between this door and the high windows are two looking-glasses in carved gilt frames. Grandmother is seated on the left side of the divan with her golden snuff-box and a bonnet trimmed with *ruches*. The aunts, Alexandra Ilyinichna, Tatyana Alexandrovna, Pashenka, and Feodor Ivanovitch (our tutor), all have assembled in the drawing-room and are waiting for papa to come from his study. And there he is, looking healthy, coming forward with his quick step, in his soft boots without heels. I note his kind, beautiful eyes, his sanguine, red neck, and his graceful masculine movements. Sometimes he appears with a pipe in his hand, which he hands over to a footman. He comes and takes a seat near gran'mother, kissing her hand and joking casually with us children, the aunts or Feodor Ivanovitch.

"Why don't they give us dinner!" he suddenly shouts out in his kind, affable voice. One of the *valets de chambre*—Volodya, Matyusha or Petrusha—comes out of the stewards' room: "It's on the table this very minute". And, indeed, the huge, dark-red painted door suddenly opens, and the major-domo, Foka Demidovitch, in his blue frock-coat, high plaited shoulders, with highly lifted and closely meeting eyebrows, appears on the threshold and, with an obvious pride and solemnity, proclaims: "The dinner is on the table".

At these words everybody rises. Father presents his arm to gran'mother, they are followed by the aunts, then comes Pashenka, and last, ourselves with Feodor Ivanovitch. I approach papa's left-hand side (I can always remember this moment so clearly, I don't know why), his hand touches my hair, my neck; I love that white hand with its characteristic red stripe on the salient part of the palm. I hold it and dare not . . . at last I kiss it. The hand presses my cheek; I am profoundly moved and happy. We pass by the stewards' platform and enter the big hall. There, behind almost every chair is a footman holding a few plates in his left hand. If there happen to stay any guests at the house, their own footmen are always behind their chairs ready to attend them. On the table covered with a coarse, home-spun cloth there are water-carafes, tankards with "kvass", old silver spoons, iron knives and forks with plain wooden handles; glasses thin and as plain as they can be. Soup is poured out in the buffet; patties are served round by footmen. We children, however, are not allowed to take any of them. Yet, the *valet de chambre* Petrusha, who is particularly well inclined towards me, slips unnoticed a patty under my plate. And how delightful was that patty! Besides, all was pleasure, mirth and joy at dinner, and all tasted so delightfully! The only difficulty was to keep perfectly quiet. Since it was strictly prohibited to us to move the upper parts of our bodies, the more energetically had I

\* Among Tolstoy's papers have been lately found the memories of his childhood. They will be printed in the fifth volume of his works now being prepared in Russia by the Countess Tolstoy. Meanwhile we are pleased to give here a translation—by R. Birkmyre and E. Yakounnikoff—of one complete and unpublished passage.



to move about my plump legs hosed in coarse, white stockings knitted by the old, dear Aleksey, the family bootmaker. Everything was really delightful, except of course when some tough piece of beef happened to stick somewhere in one's mouth. Then one had to chew it, to knead it over and over again, until at last one caught a propitious moment when the others were engaged in conversation; then one spat it out quickly in one's tiny palm and threw it unnoticed under the table! How nice were the gruel, the baked potatoes, the turnips, and the chickens with cucumbers! But, above all, how palatable were the cakes, the fritters, the sweet vermicelli, and generally all the sweets! It was also most amusing to listen to the conversation of the grown-ups; of course, if one could follow it; to throw now and again a word to my brothers about things understood only to ourselves. But the greatest amusement I derived from observing Tikhon.

Tikhon used to be a piper in my gran'father's orchestra. A short, merry little man, and, as it seemed to me at the time, endowed with a marvellous gift for comicalness. There he stood behind father's or gran'mother's chair, when suddenly he protruded his long, clean-shaven lips, swung upwards with a plate, and made one of his most comical grimaces. We burst out into laughter. Somebody turned round. But there stood Tikhon, statue-like, with a plate in his left arm, as usual.

There was another enjoyable incident at the dinner table. It was when special attention was paid to me and my art of enacting charades became the object of general praise.

"Well, 'Levka the Bubble'" (this surname was given to me because of my plumpness), father used to say, "let's have a charade now". And while I speak they look at me and smile, and I know they smile so not because there is something funny about myself or my words and gestures, but because they love me. I feel it, and my heart overflows with joy and ecstasy.

The dinner is over. A footman hands father a lit pipe, and he withdraws to his own apartments, while gran'mother proceeds to the drawing-room. We children go downstairs to our drawing lesson. Sometimes father comes to look us up, and speaks German with Feodor Ivanovitch. He speaks with a perfect accent, pronouncing "sie", "ganz", and not like ourselves, "ssie", "yanz", with a Saxon accent, after the manner of Feodor Ivanovitch. Father sometimes draws for us. Later on we go to say goodnight to gran'mother and to our aunts. Then comes Nikolay Dmitrievitch (man-nurse) and collects our clothes. He hangs them over his arm and wishes us good night and pleasant dreams. Sometimes we don't sleep for quite a long time and speak until the figure of Feodor Ivanovitch emerges through the darkness. He lights a night-lamp and a candle, lies down on his bed with high pillows, extinguishes the candle, and I fall asleep.

#### ONE GOOD DEED A DAY.

By H. FIELDING-HALL.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL is engaged in collecting subscriptions for the Scouts, and therefore I ask no excuse for reproducing the following letter. It is from an adopted nephew of mine who has recently become a Boy Scout, and who writes to me from time to time when nature prompts him. The nature which prompted him on this occasion appears in his letter:

"Dear Uncle Harold,—Thank you very much for the five shillings you sent me for my birthday. It was very useful. You ask me to tell you about what it is like to be a Boy Scout, so I write this.

"Some of it is very nice. The drill is nice and the uniform and the route marches, because we always get a big ginger-bread cake to put in the commissariat. It is great fun being a Scout except for one thing.

"You know it is part of our duty to do one good

deed every day, and we have to do it because it is on our honour to do it. I thought at first it would be very easy to do it, and in one way it is, because there are lots of good deeds wanting to be done and no one to do them. I had seen this long before I was a Scout, but I was shy to do them. When I became a Scout it was different. I thought I would at first do easy things and the more difficult after, so I began by giving a penny every day to the blind man at the corner. He was very glad, but when sixpence of your five shillings had gone I had to stop, and I asked father to give me the sixpence back and more pennies to go on with. He wouldn't. I told him it was for the good deed, but he only said something I didn't hear. So I had to stop that and think of something else. I thought I would then do a good deed to father, although he would not do a good deed to me, and so I hid all his pipes. I have often heard mother tell him he smoked too much, and I knew it would be a good deed to stop him for a day. It did stop him, and so did him good; but otherwise it was not such a success, and I was very sore after it for days and wasn't able to do any good deed on them in consequence.

"When I began again I thought I would be more careful and only do good deeds to people who couldn't retaliate. So I did some real nice things for mother and sister, and they were nearly as grateful as they ought to have been. This made me proud, and when I met Jim and Dick (his cousins) I told them about it and how much better I was than they are who aren't Scouts and never do good deeds. So they said they would begin at once, and they caught hold of me and rolled me down a steep hill into a pond, and I got all muddy and hurt. Mother, too, was angry because of my clothes being spoiled. I told her it was all because of the good deeds I did for her, so she begged me never to do any more of them.

"Now I don't know what to do about it, and I thought I would write to you, because when you were in India you may have met the Chief Scout when he was in India, and perhaps you could write to him. Please tell him to write father and mother, and Dick's father and mother, too, so that I can do good deeds without so much suffering. It is very discouraging to a fellow. I suppose he does not know. And if you will send me some more money I will faithfully give half of it at a halfpenny a day to the blind man, so please send plenty. Besides, you ought to do a good deed every day, too, and this will be one.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"JONATHAN."

Unfortunately I don't know General Baden-Powell, because India is a big place, and when I was looking over one edge he was looking over the other, so I can't write to him and send him my nephew's letter. But he may read the SATURDAY REVIEW, and if so I would beg him to consider this letter carefully and reflect on what he is about. That the Boy Scout movement is an admirable one in many ways I am ready to believe. I am told it has been the making of many boys because of the discipline it teaches. Is it not a pity, then, to mar it with such an injunction as this? That good deeds are sorely needed in this world is perhaps true, though there are many more of them than sceptics allow themselves to see. Still, we cannot have too many of them if they are good deeds. But what is a good deed? Is not the essential goodness of any deed due to the fact that it is spontaneous, and is not recognised by the doer as a good deed at all but as a natural one? Has the Chief Scout, I wonder, ever read the parable of the Pharisee in the Temple? He was probably in reality a better citizen than the publican, but his self-consciousness of that fact more than counterbalanced that little superiority. He did good deeds as good deeds with the natural result of becoming worse than a sinner. And what more certain way could be invented to make our rising generation that most intolerable of things, a genera-



tion of Pharisees and hypocrites, than by this injunction to do one good deed every day? Deeds so done are harmful no less to the receiver than to the doer. Under a specious outside they contain the deadly poison of self-righteousness. They make clean maybe the outside of the platter, but think of the inside.

No, no. Let our boys be brought up naturally. Let the compassion and courtesy and self-denial which is inherent in every human being be cultivated. Let them be helped to see, to sympathise, to understand. And then good deeds, really good deeds, will come from them as inevitably as the flower from the plant. Boys or men will not do them as good deeds, but because they want to do them: because they can't help doing them. They will not consider them as "good deeds", but rather be sorry and ashamed that they could do so little. Good deeds have their own exceeding great reward, but only when the doer does not know that they are good.

This is a very elementary fact in human nature. It has been repeated and repeated by every teacher the world has ever seen, from Chinese sages of several thousand years ago to Dickens. Think of Mrs. Pardiggle and her children, and her and their "good deeds". It is in fact a commonplace. And yet it is a greater commonplace to disregard it. We are I think by nature rather given to be prigs in England, but there is no necessity to make it worse by education.

I am afraid that I shall have to dis-adopt Jonathan. He used to be an excellent companion, full of natural humour and devilment, and we have a long-standing engagement—made when he was five—to go off and be robbers together later on. But if he is going to make a cold-blooded habit of doing "good deeds" we shall have to part. He might come down here and secrete my pens under the impression that by preventing me writing in the SATURDAY REVIEW he was doing a "good deed" all round. He might—there is no knowing what he might *not* do. He is afraid of nothing, and his sense of humour seems to have departed.

I appeal to the Chief Scout—give me back my nephew.

#### THE PLAYS OF MR. GILBERT MURRAY.

By JOHN PALMER.

Andromachæ. Electra. Bacchæ. Medea. Rhesus.  
The Trojan Women. Iphigenia in Tauris.  
Hippolytus. Published by George Allen.

"ANDROMACHÆ" is attributed to Mr. Gilbert Murray, and the others are attributed to Euripides. But that is only Mr. Gilbert Murray's fun. The stamp of personality—the stamp of Mr. Gilbert Murray himself—is upon all these plays, first to last. Shelley said that only a poet should translate a poet. The defect of this arrangement—it is also its justification—is that nothing can pass through a poet's mind without suffering a sea-change. When Shelley translated Goethe he translated him into Shelley. Similarly, when Mr. Gilbert Murray translates Euripides, he translates him into Gilbert Murray. If Mr. Gilbert Murray refuses to admit that "Electra" or "The Trojan Women" of our list belongs to him, and not to Euripides, we shall retort that "Andromachæ" belongs to Euripides, and not to him. In "Andromachæ", his own original play, Mr. Gilbert Murray has thrown the mind of a sensitive and cultivated modern European into the mould of a Greek play. He has done precisely this same difficult and wonderful thing in "Electra" and "The Trojan Women".

Nevertheless, we must admit that Euripides was Mr. Gilbert Murray's golden fleece. I am not good enough Greek to know exactly how far Euripides thought and wrote like an advanced European of to-day. I cannot determine how far his critics and interpreters are reading into his plays things which the present age is prompting them to see rather than things which really

are there. But I can quite clearly perceive that Euripides, if he now were living, would be received as an extremely modern dramatist. He would be claimed for their party by the "new" people. He would be suspected in the Lord Chamberlain's office. He would be denounced as morbid, irreligious, and gloomy in all decent English houses. He would be played only in such repertory theatres as were determined to go bankrupt. In this sense Euripides is clearly "modern". But, then, geniuses always are modern when their genius is felt and understood. Shakespeare is quite appallingly modern when one forgets to regard him as part of the furniture of an Englishman's house. Why, only the other day, when Mr. Bernard Shaw diluted one of Shakespeare's comedies into something comparatively tame and respectable (I allude, of course, to the modern version of "All's Well," published as "Man and Superman"), the world was staggered at the modernity of the thing. The world always is staggered at all the new things it is continually finding in old literature. It seems as though each age found in old literature precisely the thing for which it was looking. We look at literature, as we look at life, finding there our own image and superscription.

What, precisely, has Mr. Gilbert Murray found in Euripides? Consider Mr. Gilbert Murray before he had written a single printed word. What was the sort of thing he would wish to write? What form of expression should we expect his genius to take? First, here undoubtedly was, potentially, a poet—one who delighted in beautiful speech, who was deeply dipped in fine literature, who would wish to write rhythmically and in the lofty manner, who was ready to vibrate to any really sincere emotional appeal, whose imagination was open for dreams and visions. But there was yet another Gilbert Murray—one who was a man of keen humour, who loved reality, who leaned towards realism and analysis, who distrusted the clouds and searchingly suspected all romance, who would rather examine and understand a hero than accept him at face value. Here, then, was a poet and a realist—an author who wanted to think like Ibsen and write like Swinburne. How long it might have taken Mr. Gilbert Murray to achieve this astounding feat from his unprompted inner consciousness must be left unreckoned. Luckily he remembered Euripides, and he said: "I will write plays in English like what I imagine the plays of Euripides to be in Greek". The problem of Mr. Gilbert Murray's literary career was settled then and there. Thenceforth he could write lovely choruses "full of sea-light and the clash of waters"; present, in the same play, characters "shot through by reflection, by reality, and by sadness"; and introduce his work to the modern reader in prefaces which often in their critical tang and shrewdness suggest the more notorious prefaces of a friend and contemporary.

It is, indeed, absurd to take these translations of Mr. Gilbert Murray as mere translations. The happy accident which turned one of the finest minds of to-day into an accomplished scholar of Greek has given us these plays of Euripides in a manner that makes them living English literature, with an appeal for a far wider public than any mere translator can command. "Hippolytus" has already run into its fourteenth thousand, showing that there is a public for these plays out of all proportion to the small knot of devotees of a new classical version, or to the even smaller knot of readers who ordinarily buy English poetical drama. It will be said that Euripides hits the time, and that Mr. Gilbert Murray is only a very lucky man. But would Euripides have hit the time if Mr. Gilbert Murray had not found himself in Euripides? Moreover, there is something beyond luck in an ability to write versions of Greek choruses that look as if they had come straight out of the translator's own head; there is something beyond luck in having the imagination to detect in work over two thousand years old a direct and living appeal, uttered in another tongue and offered to another civilisation. These plays in their English form belong to Mr. Gilbert Murray by divine right of imagination. He has seen Electra and Medea and Iphigenia; and he has

shared his vision with ourselves. He has clearly enriched our literary inheritance.

The play of all that moves me most, in which I feel that Euripides and Mr. Gilbert Murray and this modern world are most at one, is the "Medea". Ibsen might have written this play at the height of his power. Perhaps the nearest thing to it in modern literature is Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness". The story of the death of Medea's rival, with the killing of her own children, is only equalled in all the literature of realism by the killing of the child in Tolstoy's awful play. These things are only excused by that "religion of realism" with which Mr. Gilbert Murray virtually confesses he at one time glowed. "When a writer really deficient in poetry walks in this path", he writes in his preface to the "Medea", "the result is purely disagreeable. It provides its best results when the writer, like Euripides or Tolstoy, is so possessed by an inward flame of poetry that it breaks out at the great moments and consumes the cramping theory that would hold it in." It is precisely because Mr. Gilbert Murray, naturally a realist, has the imagination to know how perilous and difficult are the ways of an arbitrary method that he so perfectly understands and presents the "Medea" as a modern play, level in time and accomplishment with the "Powers of Darkness". In the "Medea", as in the other plays of Euripides, Mr. Gilbert Murray found material exactly suited to his temperament—a vision of life whose strict fidelity to the form of things as they are was perfectly justified by imaginative beauty and conviction.

#### MR. McEVROY AND MR. P. DE LASZLO.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

BY happy accident, if not in the spirit of pleasantry, the hangers of the National Portrait Exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery placed Mr. Ambrose McEvoy and Mr. P. de Laszlo side by side. With what may have been a felicitous sense of fitness they hung the most sensitively sympathetic portrait they could find—Mr. McEvoy's "Master Terence Mills"—next to the most typically academic couple of child portraits available—Mr. Laszlo's "Paul" and "Patrik". Such juxtaposition is interesting in that it vividly throws up the essential differences between living or sympathetic art and academic or mechanical. In another room Mr. Laszlo has "Lord Chelmsford", who at any moment, on Mr. Laszlo's reading of his personality, might be expected to break into "Jack's the Boy", "I Want You for My Own", or any song appropriate to the gallant sentiment of Gaiety heroes. This portrait might have been hung next to Mr. John's "Nicholson" and balanced and complemented by Mr. Oswald Birley's "Mrs. E. Grenfell", which afflictively justifies my view that unless this well-equipped artist takes heed his days as a serious painter are numbered.

A general broad definition of academic art, Burlington House, New English or London Group, is art that has let a formula get between it and life. Formulae are innumerable, technical and temperamental, and this definition can be subdivided and refined in many ways. But fundamentally academicians in this sense are those who become content with their own formula or symbol and apply it like a panacea to every problem they treat. Instead of attempting to get inside and experience the special private character of their subject they stay outside and reduce their landscapes, figure subjects and portraits to a preconceived generalisation that "does" for everything. They tack their own ideal of what life ought to be on to a lay figure subject; it is very easily done and very difficult to escape once one has succumbed to its attractions. Mr. Laszlo's "Paul" and "Patrik" are typical examples of academic vision and technique. Mr. Laszlo has a studio recipe for lips and eyes; without looking at either Paul or Patrik he could substitute this generalisation for their special features. He has a type for little boys (it happens to be vacuous and pink); in a twinkling Paul, who for all I know is vivacious and who certainly is unique, is reduced to a pink and vacant formula. Patrik in no longer time is fitted with

Mr. Laszlo's stock character for little girls, which, seeing that its patentee also owns the little boy type, does not astonish us in being also pink and aimably insipid, with just the same lips and nose and eyes. If you scrutinise Mr. Laszlo's process of painting you see that it is a sort of all-weather process decided upon without special reference to the varying demands made upon it; it happens to be a rather glassy method of filmy glazes and weak scumblings. In the same way this painter's colour and drawing work out as labour-saving recipes, made up, as one might say, at home, to "do" for every contingency. Mr. Laszlo's types and pigment happen to be what I have said; but were they as Rubens' or Raphael's, yet, if they were not responsive to and sympathetic with life's individual demands, he would still be academical. The company of academicians, I need hardly say, numbers many exalted personages.

A marked characteristic of many members is preoccupation with external detail for its own attractive sake. I have heard that by this one may know all ex-Academy students who attained honour in the schools; that with the smallest margin for error one can go round any miscellaneous exhibition and pick out their work at sight. In this portrait exhibition, for example, trying to put this into practice, may we not recognise the trail of Burlington House teaching over Mr. H. Speed's absorption in "May's" shining threads of hair rather than in her character, in Mr. Spencer Watson's excessive esteem for mere complexion? And leaving this exhibition for a moment, do we not recognise the destructive influence in Mr. Amschewitz' work at the Little Gallery? This artist, judged by his black and white illustrations—"The Hungry", "A Revolutionist", and "The Quarrel"—has a serious sense of the profounder things in life. These drawings are tense with suggestion of humanity's suffering and rebellion; they are produced from the inside, they share the complex emotions of the people they deal with. But in Mr. Amschewitz' paintings this intuitive sympathy is much less felt; and as there is no reason to suppose he becomes a different person when he paints I am inclined to think that it is the way in which he does it that hampers his expression. In other words, if he could forget the academic tags, the brassy finish, spurious tone, and Summer Exhibition colour (there is no other label for it) which he was taught and has not altogether shaken off, his pictures should be as interesting as his drawings. Returning to Mr. McEvoy at the Grosvenor Gallery, I must add that in the Little Gallery there is also some most tempting furniture shown by Mr. Romney Green.

Mr. McEvoy's "Master Terence Mills" is masterly in handling and profoundly sympathetic. No ready-made recipe for little boys prevented Mr. McEvoy establishing intimate communication with the authentic little boy before him. That does not mean that this portrait expresses the child completely; another artist of sensitive feeling might respond to another aspect of him. But we know that the painter of this aspect here was able by some rare intuition actually to share the wonder, the enigmatic thoughts and speculations of a sensitive and lonely child. In technique this picture is as sympathetic; I say nothing of its scholarly perfection and rich quality (attributes that belong to a past age when technique was a science), meaning rather that as a musician instinctively adjusts his playing to the temper of his piece, so this technique is an inseparable part of the emotion occasioned by this particular subject. Mr. McEvoy's drawings have the same profound quality of inside knowledge. They have the power to make almost every other portrait in the exhibition seem superficial; Mr. Ranken's "Study in Red" and Mr. Speed's "May" hanging right against them seem somehow reprehensibly optimistic, as though their painters had trifled with a serious subject.

But on the whole this exhibition is on a high level; there are many sound and thoughtful works and not a few really fine. I do not think Mr. W. Strang has shown better portraits than Nos. 80 and 82, whose individuality, apart from their tonic freshness and

sharpness of key and colour, is arresting. Certainly I have not seen as good a W. W. Russell as his "Joseph Crawhall". Nor does Mr. Connard usually show to such advantage as in "Mrs. C. Tennyson", though his interest in a smart technique for its own sake is still apparent. The inwardness of life can hardly be said to weigh in Mr. Connard's balance against his preoccupation with a kind of bright and "snappy" formula; it means more to him to put little pats of paint on with triumphant self-assertive slickness than to ponder the inscrutable nature of individuality. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world. Among the portraits of sympathetic insight are Mrs. Swynnerton's "Mary Spiegelberg", Miss Foote's "Mrs. Carpenter", Miss A. C. Hall's "Dr. L. Shore", Miss Walford's "Gladys", and Mr. Rothenstein's child portraits. The fear of seeming to imply "also ran" deters me from lengthening this list.

Room must be found, moreover, for reference to Mr. Oliver Hall's show of etchings and pictures at the Leicester Galleries. His view of Nature is very personal, the temperament of his work grave and charming. If he has not sufficiently felt the stress and emphasis of a dominating motif in many of his pictures, if he seems, perhaps, too impartial in his interest to be conscious of the overwhelming claims of one candidate, none the less the things in which he is interested all count. His technique, especially in the etchings, is expressive of sensitive emotion.

#### "DARK . . . IRRECOVERABLY DARK."

IT is worth while turning one's attention for a moment from the great absorbing topics of the day to the spectacle of a strong man grappling in the dark with a huge difficulty, struggling on behalf of his fellow sufferers. It is always worth while following the fight of a brave man against great odds. It inspires the lesser among us—with whom the world is fairly well filled—to fight, at any rate, against the lesser odds. Just now that spectacle is finely illustrated in Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, who makes a special appeal in the correspondence columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day to its readers. The personal note in a matter of this kind counts largely—everyone knows—and it is quite permissible that it should. Mr. Pearson's own case well illustrates the terrible bale of blindness. Only a few years ago one knew him at the zenith of his success and activity; one knew him as the man who started the "Daily Express" and who, taking off his coat—literally as well as figuratively—worked at it with a kind of amazing energy and zeal. In those days—at least at the very start—he would sit down and virtually read the paper clean through in proof, despite his bad eyesight. Then a little later one found him at the "Standard"—not this time, it is true, reading it clean through, for he had learnt much better, but still eager as ever for incessant, grinding toil, toil worse than any navy's. By and by came the "Times" episode—endured with manliness and dignity—and all through this period Mr. Pearson was doing a score of other things, might and main. He was in politics, one of the keenest of tariff reformers—a great practical man of affairs, who had worked his way up in life, starting on nothing but a scrap of a public school education, and who recognised that our present trade system was hopelessly benighted and out of date. Besides, he was plunging with zest into various out-of-door pursuits and exercises, a tennis player of style, swiftness and élan, a horseman, and a believer in the pleasures of a garden and of the open-air life generally. He played with the idea of becoming an angler, and thought the writer of this article might show him the art of casting a fly. He was keen and bright and valiant about everything. Birds, beasts, trees, and many other things seen in the fields and woods aroused his constant admiration and curiosity. It was extremely good to live and to see.

Such was Mr. Pearson as one knew him a few years

ago. No wonder Mr. Chamberlain admiringly one day styled him "The Hustler"!

The haunting fear of madness—in whose shadow Johnson seems to have lived—and the reality of blindness are two of the most frightful things known to strong natures; and the second came upon this eager enjoyer of the full life. At the height of his vigour, and at an age when some men destined to succeed have not yet done great things, blindness—threatened once or twice before—came upon him. To most of us, big and small, this must mean the end of it all. The strong man commonly must be put out by blindness equally with the weak. Samson pulled the pillars down and ended in giant despair. Polyphemus had only one thought after the burning stake had sizzed in his eye—to destroy others in his own destruction. The rest struck by this "measureless ill" of blindness mostly sink into silence or moans. They cave in, and it is over.

But Mr. Pearson has faced the blow in another mood! It has stimulated him. It has called up all his old spirit, and again he is "the hustler" of Mr. Chamberlain's half serious half playful phrase. He is the hustler for humanity, blind humanity. We hear of "deserving cases" in literature: and there are hundreds of such cases that we do not hear of. But no case that has ever been, or ever will be, can be more deserving than that of the blind. Mr. Pearson's appeal should go straight home to many people: they will know that not a farthing of the money given to the National Institute for the Blind will be misspent.

G. A. B. D.

#### THE SECRET OF THE HILLS.

I KNOW a hollow in the hills,  
Under the strong sun's eye,  
Girt in with craggy parapets  
And neighbour to the sky;

And, quiet as the hour that cleaves  
The summer's day in two,  
And lonely as a crescent moon  
Lost in the sultry blue,

A tarn, God's little looking-glass,  
Burnished and round and fair;  
And mountains craning solemn heads  
To glimpse him unaware.

That vision may a mortal man  
Desire but never see,  
Yet know within the grassy shrine  
Its ample sanctity.

The blessed secret of the hills  
(They share it with the stars)  
Incarnate spirit apprehends  
Dimly, as through the bars

A captive in the nether gloom  
Sees on his dungeon wall,  
Down from the kindly world above,  
A feeble glimmer fall.

But freedom and enlightenment  
Are not for such as we;  
The hills preserve inscrutable  
Their ancient mystery.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE FOUL PLOT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 March 1914.

SIR,—The recent action of cavalry officers in Ireland may alter the whole future of political methods. Had they not refused to undertake the purely party business of shooting down the Loyalists of Ulster, what reason should we have had for supposing that the Aldershot Command would not be mobilised at the next General Election? The chances of the present Government being returned to office must be considerably enhanced if marksmen are employed to pick off all those with known Conservative leanings before they can reach the polling booths. Moreover, if the Army is to be used by Ministers for party ends, what guarantee have we that Ministers will not abuse their powers and employ it for personal ends? If Mr. Seely has a pair of boots that do not fit, and if the bootmaker refuses to take them back, might there not be a temptation to send for a battalion of Guards, or a couple of batteries from Woolwich?

Yours faithfully,  
C. F. M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 March 1914.

SIR,—There are, apparently, only two remedies for the present political crisis, and it is either resignation or dismissal.

His Majesty the King is now in a constitutional position to dismiss his Ministers, as they represent no one's opinions, and in that case may be dismissed constitutionally, and always when Ministers are a danger to the country and do not represent its opinions.

That is one of the first principles of constitutional law.

All that is required is for the Unionist Party to at once get a Cabinet ready, and one that the King can accept forthwith, if required, in the interest of the people.

The Home Rule Bill has been "dead" some months constitutionally, as the constitution is *not* altered—its alteration has only been attempted, like the intended *coup d'état* and massacre in Ulster.

I am, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
B. R. T.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.,

23 March 1914.

SIR,—In view of the numerous untruthful statements recently made about the Nationalists and the Army, it is advisable to turn to the "Times" of March 11th, 1902. The report runs: "The announcement that Lord Methuen was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers was received with some Nationalist cheers and laughter, which evoked cries of 'Shame!' from the Ministerial benches".

Two days later a gentleman signing himself "An Irish Nationalist M.P." protested against this demonstration. He said: "It is sad to think that a man of the education and position of Mr. Swift MacNeill should be a party to such a fiendish outrage on decency and humanity". It is to such men that the present Cabinet proposes to hand over the King's Army for the purpose of coercing loyal Ulster.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,  
W. A. HIRST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 March 1914.

SIR,—So the cat is from the bag, and the British soldier was to play the catpaw! The automaton was to move at the will and the winding of Mr. Redmond, while a British Prime Minister looked on and, as spectator, was to see most of the game, assisting in it at the right moment.

The moment has come; the hour and the—No, not quite; for the *man* is not there.

The British Army engaged to fight the King's enemies, not his friends.

Messrs. Asquith, Devlin and Co. have reckoned without the host.

MILES.

## THE ULSTER QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin.

SIR,—The Ulster question seems to be so generally misunderstood in England that I ask space to deal with it a little farther back than is usually done. We are told, for instance, that the Ulstermen had possessed an ascendancy in Ireland and are fighting to keep it. They never had any ascendancy and do not seek any. They merely seek for equality—for, at most, the same right to rule in their own locality that it is proposed to confer on their neighbours in the surrounding districts.

Going back far enough, Ireland was chiefly governed, not by men of English descent residing in Ireland, but by Englishmen. Nor is it so long since this was the case. In my own boyhood Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor, and Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, never resided in Ireland till they got their respective offices, and Sugden went back to England when his term expired. Up to 1782 the English Parliament made laws for Ireland and overruled the Irish Parliament. But the Irish Parliament, neither then nor during the short period—1782-1800—in which it was independent, represented Ulster. The peers had no peculiar connection with Ulster, and many of them lived in England. Ulster did not return more than its proper proportion of members to the Irish Parliament, and the majority of the members of the Irish Commons simply represented the owners of a number of pocket boroughs, many of whom lived in England. It was an aristocratic body, and the men of the middle classes and working classes in Ulster had no influence in it. There was a Protestant ascendancy at this time, but that was not the ascendancy of the people of Ulster. In Ulster, I believe, the Presbyterians of Scottish descent always outnumbered the Churchmen, who were chiefly of English descent. I am not sure whether a Presbyterian was qualified to sit in the Irish House of Commons. Certainly very few sat in it. The Irish nobility and gentry, including the landlords, were usually Protestants (Churchmen) at a time when the bulk of the people were Roman Catholics; but the ascendancy of this Protestant gentry was a very different thing from the ascendancy of the Protestant tenant farmers and working men of Ulster. There has been in reality no Protestant ascendancy in Ireland for many years past, but when there was such the men of Ulster were not concerned in it.

Why, then, should these men of Ulster be compelled to throw in their lot with the people of the rest of Ireland, who, being much more numerous, will always have the majority on a joint vote? To that question I have never seen even a plausible answer. The great argument on the other side is that the arming of Ulster is rebellion—setting the law at defiance. I am not writing to defend armed resistance in Ulster in case the Home Rule Bill should be passed, but I can see no reason why, so far as Ulster is concerned, the Bill should be made law. To me it appears that if Ulster says by her representatives: "We are dead against being placed under the control of the Dublin Parliament", the Prime Minister ought to reply: "That ends it: we will not force its control on a large district where the majority of the people object". The Bill would then pass with this district excluded. If it passed in its present form, however, I think it would be very deficient in safeguards for the minority. But the people of Ulster are not a minority, but a majority—in their own district.

X.

## THE CHANCELLOR AGAIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 March 1914.

SIR,—The Chancellor said at Huddersfield: "Now I come to another grievance—the housing of the people". Will this man never let other folk's property alone? The grievance isn't his, it belongs to the Government workmen at Rosyth. This fact, recent and notorious, if it occurred to the minds of any Yorkshire Liberals present, did not rise to their lips. At Bradford the Chancellor's twin

bruiser—"par nobile fratrum"—said of his opponents: "They don't know Yorkshire". No, it is to be feared we don't; we had thought Yorkshiremen more honest and less gullible.

Faithfully yours,  
LUCIAN THE LESS.

#### THE BLIND—AN APPEAL BY CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
206, Great Portland Street, W.,  
23 March 1914.

SIR,—Among the many readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW there must be a very large percentage who love books and find them an unspeakable source of entertainment and solace.

I wonder if you will allow me to direct the attention of your readers to the case of those who are unable to see to read, but to whom—sightless as they are—books mean more than they can to any sighted person, for it is from books only that the blind can learn the wonders of the world in which they live; it is upon books that they rely for education and relaxation to a far greater extent than the more fortunate majority who have resources which are closed to the blind.

I do not believe there is any need to tell your readers of the great campaign which the National Institute for the Blind is conducting with the view to cheapening and amplifying the supply of Braille literature for blind readers.

The striking words in which the King concluded his speech at the opening of our new premises on March 19th rang throughout the Empire.

No one could have put our case more cogently than did His Majesty, when he said:—

"It is a commonplace that men do not realise the value of that which they have never lost, but I am confident that your appeal for funds to extend and develop your undertaking will stir the imagination of many who unreflectingly enjoy the blessing of sight.

"I cannot too strongly urge upon all the duty of showing practical sympathy with your devoted efforts to break down as far as may be the barriers which shut out the blind from a full share in the common interests and pleasures of life.

"We hope that you will speedily be relieved of all anxiety on the score of funds, and we wish God-speed to the work of the National Institute for the Blind."

May I ask for the practical sympathy of your readers in the cause, for which their King pleaded so admirably?

Yours faithfully,  
C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

#### A CHALLENGE TO MR. NORMAN ANGELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Few things are more remarkable than the hasty, uncritical manner in which Mr. Norman Angell's arguments have been accepted by the large body of public opinion against armaments. It is plain that the great majority of those who form his most strenuous supporters have not closely scrutinised the arguments of "The Great Illusion", but have listened to its preachings with the ears of faith. For the arguments of "The Great Illusion", if they are logically sound, form the most damning commentary upon the Pacifist case against armaments it is possible to conceive. They demonstrate the whole Pacifist movement to rest upon a grotesque absurdity: that the conception of armaments as a drain upon industry is every whit as much an illusion as the militarist contention that economic advantage can be gained by successful war: that no economic advantage whatever can follow a general disarmament.

So as to prevent verbal quibbles or any possibility of misunderstanding, I will state my object in writing this letter in plain and unmistakeable terms. I propose to demonstrate that Mr. Angell's arguments result in a con-

clusion so obviously a logical absurdity that no single one of his supporters will be prepared to accept it. I propose to confront Mr. Angell with the alternative either of conceding his arguments with reference to a war indemnity to be *wrong*, in which case it will necessarily have been conceded that war can be waged to economic advantage; or of maintaining his arguments to be *right*, in which case the whole Pacifist movement rests upon a grotesque absurdity. I shall then challenge Mr. Angell to show any real escape from the dilemma with which he is thus confronted.

In his attempt to demonstrate that the receipt of a war indemnity can carry with it no conceivable economic advantage, Mr. Angell tells us that a sudden influx of monetary wealth, which is kept within the national boundaries and not exchanged for *real* wealth abroad, must necessarily result in a general rise in prices proportionate to the amount of monetary wealth received. Taking the case of £1,000,000,000 war indemnity paid to Germany, if this sum is retained within the frontiers of Germany and not exchanged for real wealth abroad there will result a general rise in prices proportionate to the amount received. If, on the other hand, this money is exchanged abroad for real wealth, then the articles imported will compete with native industries, rendering the accession of wealth barren of economic advantage.

Whilst putting forward these arguments, however, to prove that the accession of wealth due to a war indemnity must necessarily be barren of economic advantage, Mr. Angell maintains as the basis of his thesis that the great civilised States of the world form an economic whole, that Britain, France and U.S.A. are linked together by the credit system, into what is from the economic standpoint a single great State. War between France and Germany, we are told, must be as mutually destructive to all concerned as a war between the North of England and the South of England. National boundaries, we are told, no longer exist so far as economic interests are concerned. There exists no general conflict of economic interest between any two fully civilised States, on the contrary, they are all linked together by reciprocal economic interests, and war between any two fully civilised States is from the economic standpoint a civil war. I think it will be conceded that this is a fair summary of Mr. Angell's views. If, however, these views are correct, it necessarily follows that the case of a sudden influx of wealth due to general disarmament is strictly analogous to circumstances of a sudden influx of wealth to Germany by the receipt of a war indemnity which is not exchanged for real wealth beyond the national boundaries—i.e., the only possible result will be a general rise in prices strictly proportionate to the amount of wealth received, which must necessarily render a general disarmament barren of economic advantage. If from the economic standpoint national boundaries have ceased to exist, how will it be possible for the nations disarming to exchange the increased monetary wealth available for *real* wealth outside the national frontiers? This is the awkward dilemma into which Mr. Angell's arguments lead him. If the nations of the world form an economic whole, if the national Governments agree to a general disarmament and seek to turn the sums "wasted" upon armaments into more productive channels, then obviously, according to Mr. Angell's arguments, there will result merely a general rise in prices which will leave things exactly where they were. Why then disarm?

There are misguided people—Sir John Brunner is one of the most notorious of these amiable, but short-sighted, folk—who imagine that armaments form a tax upon the productive life of the community, that general disarmament will redound to the economic interest of the human race, will, in short, be beneficial to human progress. These worthy Pacifists, however, have only to study "The Great Illusion" carefully to discover that they are the victims of a grotesque illusion. If Mr. Angell's arguments are logically sound the whole Pacifist case goes crashing to the ground. If no conceivable economic advantage can result from disarmament why disarm? Obviously the Pacifist

case resolves itself into the sentimental arguments of the old school, and the pseudo-economic reasoning of the "New Pacifism" comes to an ignominious collapse. On the other hand, if Mr. Angell's arguments are *not* logically sound, then equally obviously the case of "The Great Illusion" comes to a yet more inglorious finale.

In phrases that will have a familiar ring to most of Mr. Angell's supporters, the dilemma as stated above is clear and simple. The arguments of "The Great Illusion" are either right or wrong. If they are wrong there is no more to be said upon the subject. If they are right, we get the curious result that Mr. Angell, at the same time that he has demonstrated the militarist conceptions of economic advantage to be gained by war to be a "great illusion", has also demonstrated that the Pacifist writers who form his most fervent supporters are equally the victims of a "great illusion". I challenge Mr. Angell to show any real escape from the dilemma thus put before him. More, I challenge him to use any argument in his effort to extricate himself that does not directly conflict with his general thesis as stated in "The Great Illusion". And I will leave those of his supporters who make any pretence to logic or sincerity in the discussion of this problem to decide whether I am justified in putting forward this challenge, or whether Mr. Angell would be justified in declining to accept it.

Yours faithfully,  
A RIFLEMAN.

#### TEACHERS AT £20 PER ANNUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

134, Lewisham Road, London, S.E.,

18 March 1914.

SIR,—The idea seems general that English children remain at school till the age of 14 and are taught by competent teachers. These conditions may obtain in the larger urban areas, except the half-time centres (Bradford and the cotton towns), and may prevail also in one or two of the better counties; but, unfortunately, there are still many districts where the statutory age for total exemption is 13, and some where it is 12. Moreover, in many schools children may be for nearly half their short school life in the care of "supplementary" teachers.

Supplementary teachers are persons who need have no educational qualifications whatsoever, except that they must be:—

- (i.) Over 18;
- (ii.) Re-vaccinated;
- (iii.) Approved by His Majesty's Inspector.

I have not yet heard of any person fulfilling conditions (i.) and (ii.) who has not been automatically approved for the purposes of clause (iii.) when submitted for inspection.

A glance at the advertisements of the current issue of the "Schoolmaster" will show how the authorities appraise the services of these persons. Brecon and Salop offer them £30 per annum in full remuneration, Lindsey and Dorset £30-£40, Norfolk £35 rising to £40, and Essex a minimum of £30 with somewhat better prospects. Radnor suggests that a headmaster should bring with him "a wife or other relative", to be rewarded with £27 10s. to £32 10s., and Bedford offers £20 as its minimum. Kent, Leicester, and the East Riding merely state that they have vacancies for such teachers among others. Wilts, Hants, and the West Riding offer posts for "all grades," but do not specify the salary. Many other authorities engage such persons, but are too discreet to advertise openly.

13,473 such teachers (!) were in employment in 1912-13, having the care of about one-twelfth of the elementary school population, and a recent order permits local bodies to continue to employ them till 1919. The Board of Education has time and again fixed a term at which supplementary teachers should "qualify" or cease to teach, but never fails to extend the term when local bodies murmur.

I leave your readers to judge of the existence which these "supplementaries" support on a salary of 11s. 7d. a week in Brecon, Lindsey, Dorset, Salop, and elsewhere, and on 7s. 9d. in some Bedfordshire villages. Be it remembered that they have to keep up appearances, cannot live

at home, since authorities prefer "outsiders" and do not engage "locals", and that very few of them can have any other source of income. What possible prospect can they have of "qualifying"? How shall they be able to buy books or pay class fees? And what can be the nature of the instruction they impart?

But this is not the whole of the story. Very many more of our elementary scholars are supervised (can one venture to say taught?) by uncertificated lasses and lads, paid not very much better. It seems that many of these are plucky enough to attempt to prepare for a "qualifying" examination, though I am assured that when they have secured the certificate many of the authorities continue to pay them at "uncertificated" rates.

To what an extent teachers are being displaced by such substitutes may be guessed from the Norfolk advertisement, which appeals for:—

50 supplementaries;

83 uncertificated teachers (of whom only two are to be men); and

ONE trained certificated teacher.

It will be evident that one may not argue from the moderately good conditions of our larger towns, and of the few efficient counties, nor from the existence of Messrs. Pease and Selby Biggs in their snug bureaux, that all is well in the educational world.

I am, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
W. E. M. LLEWELLYN.

#### THE PLUMAGE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Elm Park Mansions, S.W.,

20 March 1914.

SIR,—Has anybody quoted Browning's "The Lady and the Painter" in support of the Plumage Bill? Here is an extract:—

HE. What . . . clings  
Half-savage-like around your hat?  
SHE. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-wings!  
Next season—Paris prints assert—  
We must go feathered to the skirt:  
My modiste keeps on the alert.  
Owls, hawks, jays—swallows most approve . . .  
HE. Dare I speak plainly?  
SHE. Oh, I trust!  
HE. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move  
In heart and soul of me disgust  
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,  
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—bare,  
To help Art like my model there.  
She well knew what absolved her—praise  
In me for God's surpassing good,  
Who granted to my reverent gaze  
A type of purest womanhood.  
You—clothed with murder of His best  
Of harmless beings—stand the test!  
What is it you know!

SHE. That you jest!

Yours faithfully,  
R.

#### THE CUCKOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.,

21 March 1914.

SIR,—Can any of your readers explain why Richard Jefferies in his "Gamekeeper at Home" consistently refers to the cuckoo as "she"? As far as I can trace, all other birds in the same book are "he" or "it"—the hawk, the crow, and so on. Yet, referring to the cuckoo, he distinctly writes "her song".

Looking up what concerns the bird in the "Natural History of Selborne", I find that White avoids using any gender in this connection. Turning to Shakespeare, he has it, of course, in the famous lyric "thus sings he", and in all other cases I think the implication is that "the plain song cuckoo gray" is male or at least hermaphrodite. This is in contradistinction to "the nightingale if she should sing by day"



("Merchant of Venice"), "my nightingale", addressed by Antony to Cleopatra, and "nightly she sings" ("Romeo and Juliet").

Perhaps Jefferies may have been influenced unconsciously by a country saying which he quotes, "She cries as she flies". From what part of the country then does this come? Is "she" ever used in the masculine sense, as Scott makes his Highlanders sometimes use it?

Yours obediently,

F. F. MONTAGUE.

#### THE ASIATIC PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

135 Lexington Avenue,

New York.

SIR,—As one who has passed some years in South Africa, and has had the means of studying at first hand some of the social and economic conditions of that somewhat overrated country, I feel constrained at the present moment to set before you my own personal convictions on the subject of the British Indians, whose presence in their midst has been the cause of so much hostility on the part of the inhabitants of Natal and the Transvaal. To the Englishman at home, of course, the treatment accorded to these loyal subjects of the British Crown has all along appeared unjust, uncalled for, and even intolerable. Public feeling in England has accordingly come to view the action of the Union Government in its desire to exclude Asiatics from South Africa as arbitrary and unconstitutional; while Lord Hardinge's eloquent appeal on behalf of the rights claimed by the people committed to his charge has called forth for the most part general admiration both in India and England. Thus the problem awaiting solution is on all hands allowed to be one bristling with difficulties of an almost irreconcilable nature, and the difficulty is increased when we regard the resolute attitude taken up by the Cape politicians, who in this instance, at any rate, have the whole Cape population, white and coloured, at their back in a demand that the tide of Asiatic immigration be stemmed, if not entirely stopped.

What chiefly causes the action of General Botha's Cabinet to appear in a rather unenviable light is the fact that, so far, they have not ventured to put forward any good and sufficient reason for their opposition to the admission of the Indians; such reason, that is, as would justify the course they propose to adopt in the eyes of the world. Their policy may be sound and their conviction of its utility sincere, but nevertheless they have not up to the present seemingly fully realised on what grounds their principle of exclusion may be properly enforced. Knowing well the feeling of antipathy which exists among colonists at the Cape on this question, and having also been a witness lately to a recurrence of similar feelings among both Americans and Canadians in regard to Asiatics—East Indians, Chinese, and more particularly Japanese—I have no hesitation whatever in attributing this openly expressed hostility of the white man to be due more to intuition than by any process of well-ordered reasoning, to the operation of a great natural or ethnic law, similar in many respects to what is known in zoology as the law of geographical distribution, which relegates certain groups and families of animals to certain definite parts of the earth. Actuated by such feelings or impressions, the people of Europe have for many years been praying devoutly for the banishment of the Ottoman Turks to Asia, and it is unquestionably a like impulse that now moves the black and coloured population of South Africa to look with an unfriendly eye on Chinese and Hindu immigrants, whose standard of civilisation is generally higher than their own; while the white colonists at the Cape, in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as the whole people of the United States, are all insistent that a barrier should be raised against the intrusion of Asiatic races in considerable numbers, whether they be Hindus, Chinese or Japanese, each of these types being differentiated from the white man by well-marked ethnic distinctions. In the same way it may be assumed any incursion of African negroes on a large scale into India would be strenuously resisted by the natives of that rich and polyglot country. It is true that America

originally was the habitat of the red man, but since its discovery by Columbus that race has by slow degrees had to give way in the struggle for existence before the white man, and is now only to be met with in isolated areas, whereas the European has established himself firmly in a land which by its climate and natural resources is peculiarly adapted as the theatre of his multifarious activities.

Nevertheless, while in conformity with this law of geographical distribution the Asiatic should be as a rule confined to Asia, the African to Africa, the white man to Europe and America, a second ethnic principle has in the fulness of time made itself manifest, and that on such an extended scale that it may now be viewed in the light of a fundamental law of civilisation, namely: that it is occasionally found to be expedient and beneficial for two races totally distinct in origin and characteristics to enter into a social partnership, when the one is of a higher type than the other, in order to work together for their common good on the status of governing and governed in a land to which one of them is alien. This union of interests is especially well exemplified in the case of the United States, where the dominant white race exists in company with an inferior black race, the latter introduced accidentally from Africa as slaves, and ultimately taking the place of the aboriginal red men. Another even better instance is that of the British in India, where Hindu and Mohammedan civilisation has been much accelerated and advanced by the methods introduced by the incomers. Similarly in South Africa a certain footing of toleration and mutual respect has been established between the English and Dutch on the one hand and the Kaffir races on the other. This law of civilisation and improvement, however, while it has been found to work well in the interest of the two parties concerned, will not, according to modern precedents, admit of the addition of a third discordant element into the combination, an element, that is, which differs essentially in ethnic and linguistic characteristics from the other two, such as would result, let us say, if Chinamen or East Indians were given ready access to a country so handicapped as the United States now is. That this is the true explanation of the present regrettable situation in South Africa, and will account for the deep-seated dislike of the colonists for Asiatic intrusion, is, I think, a fair and logical argument, when it is remembered what a universal outcry went up there a few years ago over the employment of Chinese miners on the Rand. At the same time it should not be forgotten that both Hindus and Persians approach far closer as regards origins to the white man than do the Arabs and other Mohammedan races, seeing that the former are ethnically and linguistically members of the Aryan or Indo-European family, whereas the black African, with his heavy frame, irregular features and woolly head, stands on a lower level and apart from the Aryan and Semitic races. Parenthetically it may be observed, by far the best field for Indian emigration at the present day lies in the direction of Australia, where indeed emigrants are in great demand, and where it may be supposed their status as British subjects and their proved habits of industry ought to make them desirable acquisitions in a sparsely populated territory, besides which they are better suited than white men to bear the heat of a tropical or sub-tropical climate.

To show that the view I am here endeavouring to propound has not been hastily formed, but has been inspired by a belief that the problem is one involving a certain amount of scientific method and deduction, I will conclude by adding a passage from a letter of mine that appeared in the *New York Sun* of April 14 1906, when the agitation against Chinese labour at Johannesburg was at its height:—

"From the first a strong voice of protest was raised against their (the Chinese) employment, both by the English and Dutch colonists throughout South Africa, no doubt on the ground mainly of their ethnic unfitness as Asiatics for an African environment; and, truth to say, it is difficult to attempt to justify their somewhat lurid advent to the Cape on any other grounds than those of financial expediency. Experience has shown that while the white and black races may and do agree well together, and even amalgamate to a certain extent, the introduction into their

midst of a third human element is invariably fraught with serious peril to the well-being of such a mixed society where the differentiating characteristics are so opposite".

I cannot help thinking that should the Commission now sitting in Natal to determine this question proceed on more or less scientific lines, such as those I have had the hardihood here faintly to indicate, a *modus vivendi* may be arrived at that will prove satisfactory alike to the English Government, and to those of Lord Hardinge and General Botha, and may have the merit of finally placing the relations of countries having races of divergent origin within their borders on a more stable and well-defined footing.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

N. W. HILL

(Sometime of the Cape Civil Service).

#### CARDUCCI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1618, Riggs Place,

Washington, D.C.,

11 March 1914.

SIR,—Mr. Bickersteth and your reviewer of his translation of Carducci's poems are in error in representing that these are the first introduction of Carducci to the English reading public. Not only had my translations been published some twenty years before, but a portion of the edition had been sold in England; my translations were commented on and quoted from by English writers, and a copy of my book was in the Bodleian Library all the time presumably that Mr. Bickersteth was a student at Oxford. In the interest of historical accuracy perhaps you would like to correct your endorsement, in your notice of Mr. Bickersteth's book, of his statement that with the exception of Mr. Holland (1907) he has had no predecessor as a translator of Carducci into English.

I am,

Very truly yours,

FRANK SEWALL.

#### FIGHTING DISEASE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W.

25 January 1914.

SIR,—The article on "The Defeat of Consumption", in the SATURDAY REVIEW of yesterday, has been read by me with great interest, owing to the fact that consumption is a disease which is still too common in the Highlands of Scotland and in India. The following extract from "The Lancet" of July 27th, 1901, will, however, show how Indian immigrants thrive on the sugar estates of Natal: "Residence in Natal causes the Hindoo labourer to improve greatly in physique, which is especially noticeable in the second generation. . . . They are practically free from tuberculosis in any of its forms. It is an exceptional thing to find an adult suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, nor do the children suffer from it in any other region; and tubercle of the skin is very rare". Moreover, in a little pamphlet on *Hazár-Ka-Raiyat*, which I wrote in the year 1902, I said: "The East Indian coolies who emigrate to Demerara and to the West Indies soon become fat and strong in their new home. Their children, too, that are born in the Colonies are much fairer and healthier than their parents from India".

All known famines in the densely populated province of Behar have been rice famines; and yet rice is invaluable in a famine year owing to the fact that the water in which the rice has been boiled would act as a preventive of cholera and of famine-fever. When mixed with a little lime-juice and sugar, rice-water makes a most nourishing and palatable drink; and the following extract from an article written by Sir John Malcolm will show the use that was made of rice-water during the defence of Arcot in the year 1751: "When provisions were very low the Hindoo Sepoys entreated their commander to allow them to boil the rice

(the only food left) for the whole garrison. 'Your English soldiers (they said) can eat from our hands, though we cannot from theirs—we will allot as their share every grain of the rice, and subsist ourselves by drinking the water in which it has been boiled'". ("Quarterly Review" of the year 1818, vol. xviii., p. 389).

In a famine year the Indians are now fed on polished rice from the mills of Burma. But much more important than this polished rice is the so-called rice-meal (which consists of the ground refuse), as the following average analysis of good rice-meal will show:—

Water .....	9'6
Albuminoids .....	11'3
Oil .....	12'0
Starch, etc. ....	51'5
Woody fibre .....	6'0
Mineral matter .....	9'6

Total 100'0

The above analysis is taken from Stephens's "Book of the Farm", and it shows that this rice-meal, instead of being sent to Europe as food for pigs, should be retained in India and turned into rice-tea for human beings and the wretched cattle of the country.

The accompanying number of my old school magazine, "The Levite", contains an article from my pen on disease and the feeding of children, which ends with the words that "we can teach the children of India the lessons in physiology which were dear to the heart of one of the kindest Directors of John Watson's in the 'fifties'".

Your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

#### "THE IMAGE OF WAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cocoa Tree,

St. James's, S.W.,

9 March 1914.

SIR,—Whilst thanking your reviewer for his most indulgent criticism of the above-named book, may I be allowed to correct a very natural misapprehension, based on my preface. He says: "This work is to be his last", but when I wrote of it as "final" I meant as regards *personal experience*.

It would hardly be fair to the publishers (Messrs. L. Upcott Gill and Son) who now have my book "John Jorrock's, Limited", in hand, to allow this remark to pass.

Yours obediently,

"SNAFFLE."

#### A PRINTER'S ERROR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Jacob's "God's Own Country" (SATURDAY REVIEW, 21 March, Supplement, p. x.) you say: "Mr. Jacob has discovered what the slower Burke did not, a method of indicting a *white* people". Surely what Burke wrote was "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a *whole* people". Curiously enough, the same great orator and statesman actually did that very thing, in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" and in his "Letters on the Regicide Peace". If I may digress to something which is not a printer's error, I will venture to point out that the word "*lam*" (to thrash), which you say ("Tudor and Stuart Glossary", SATURDAY REVIEW, page 376) exists precariously, has always been familiar to me, and that it is to be found in so well known a book as "Rejected Addresses". See the last but one stanza of "George Barnwell":—

"If Milwood were here, dash my wig!

Quoth he, I would pummel and *lam* her well.

Had I stuck to my prunes and my figs,

I ne'er had stuck Nunky at Camberwell".

I am, Sir, etc.,

E. S. ROBERTSON.

## REVIEWS.

## A NOBLE IRISH WORK.

"**Liber Ardmachanus: The Book of Armagh.**" Edited, with Introduction and Appendices, by the Rev. John Gwynn, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. Published for the Royal Irish Academy by Hodges and Figgis, Dublin.

HERE, in the midst of our fierce disputes in Ireland, is a great Irish theme that invites us all into a sweet accord. If only Irish intellect generally could seriously concern itself with such a noble and profound treatise as "The Book of Armagh", how soon might not our differences of to-day melt away! A volume containing some 800 pages, of which only 400 copies are printed, can scarcely be said to interest a wide circle of readers. But the public of scholars, whom this REVIEW has always hoped to reach, can scarcely be indifferent to the appearance of a long-expected *editio diplomatica*, which has indeed been upwards of half a century in preparing. It was in 1853 that Dr. Reeves purchased the "Book of Armagh", and the prospectus of his projected edition was issued shortly after. Yet, although Reeves's life, filled with many labours, historical and antiquarian, was prolonged till 1892, this work remained incomplete; and his task, together with his accumulated material, was handed over by the Royal Irish Academy to Dr. Gwynn, who only now, after two decades, has brought this long enterprise to a conclusion. The work is not Dr. Gwynn's alone. He has used, and to some extent incorporated, in two chapters of his introduction, the two Memoirs which Dr. Reeves produced as instalments: he has been allowed to reproduce the version of Stokes and Strachan for the main Irish documents, and he has received important assistance from two of his own sons, both Fellows of Trinity, who contribute, Mr. Edward Gwynn on the side of Irish scholarship, Mr. R. M. Gwynn on that of Biblical criticism. But the design, the arrangement, and the overseeing of the whole, and the execution of by far the greater part, belong to the veteran scholar, who (as books of reference show) crowns his eighty-seventh year by rendering accessible to all students what he rightly calls this "national monument".

The "Book of Armagh" is in reality not a book in the literary sense, but a collection of books copied early in the ninth century by the scribe Ferdomnach, a "consummate master of calligraphy", and treasured at Armagh. It contains the only entire copy of the New Testament extant which was used in the ancient Irish Church; the Life and Memoirs of St. Martin of Tours; and, first and chiefly, it is our earliest copy of the chief documents relating to St. Patrick. Pious superstition through many centuries regarded the manuscript as Patrick's autograph, and interested custodians encouraged this belief by obliterating the repeated signature of Ferdomnach. The most sensational work of criticism upon this manuscript was done some seventy years ago, when Bishop Graves discovered the still legible signatures and identified the writer. Nothing so conspicuous has been done by Dr. Gwynn.

What, then, is this *editio diplomatica*? First of all, an exact reprint, page for page, line for line, of the manuscript's two hundred and eighteen double-columned pages. Contractions, which are extraordinarily frequent and extensive, have been resolved, and the inserted letters are, except in the Martinian section, distinguished by italics. The value to Biblical scholars may be inferred from the fact that the late Bishop Wordsworth caused a complete copy of the New Testament version to be made for use in preparing his edition of the Vulgate. It will be for them to appraise the worth of Dr. Gwynn's critical examination of the text here made accessible: a layman can only testify to the lucidity of its arrangement.

St. Martin and his biographer are dealt with concisely rather than exhaustively; but Professor Babut, of the University of Montpellier, "a master of Martinian literature", has supplied an interesting examination of this section of the text, which he describes

as "beyond doubt a manuscript of the highest importance", embodying a version of the text previous to the pious revisions by which transcribers of the fifth or sixth century sought to guard their saint from imputations of heresy.

For the general student, however, the main interest must lie in Dr. Gwynn's handling of the Patrician documents. Here one who had no care for the historical facts involved—not even as what Professor Bury has called them, "an appendix to the history of the Roman Empire"—might still observe with pleasure the process by which solid knowledge is built up. By analysis of the two separate biographies given in the text, Dr. Gwynn establishes that we have the testimony of independent documents, whose date can be roughly ascertained. We know who Muirchu and who Tirechan were, and where they wrote, and from this can be shown the character of their sources of information. From the demonstrated presence of a special purpose in one writer's mind, from its demonstrated absence in the other case, skilful and convincing deductions follow as to the authority of that tradition which associates St. Patrick specially with Armagh. All this is a masterly example of the methods employed by modern scholarship. What is more personal, less amenable to strict logic, but not less conclusive, is the chapter which, treating of the manuscript itself, reconstructs from infinitely close and loving observation the stages of its genesis. Here is roughly the story: Ferdomnach began by copying a text of the Epistles of St. Paul. His hand had not yet attained its full freedom, and he ruled lines or punctured marks to keep him straight; the writing "has less of delicacy and grace, is heavier and somewhat stiff", as compared with his later manner. Possibly the Catholic Epistles and the Revelation were included in the same volume; but this section was used and handled as a separate book, for the first leaf of the Pauline Epistles shows signs of special rubbing. After this the scribe took up the task of copying what he could find about St. Patrick, and so he put together the lives by Muirchu and Tirechan, with certain *addimenta*—affixing a colophon: "Scripsi hunc ut potui librum". Later, he got a new copy, which gave additional matter to Muirchu's Life, and a text of Patrick's autobiographical "Confession". Then he conceived the idea of accomplishing what probably no Irish scribe had yet achieved—a complete copy of the New Testament. In a hand which had now attained perfection he copied the Gospels, and he prefixed them to his copy of the Pauline Epistles and Apocalypse, adding certain matter which connects these to the Gospels. But the work was incomplete, because, as it should seem, he failed to find a copy of the Acts. When he did, critical examination proves that the text from which he worked belonged to a different type of version from that reproduced by him in the Gospels; and by this time the beautiful hand of his mature skill had degenerated into a crabbed script. Still, there at last was the New Testament complete—the glory of his scriptorium. Does it not all bring vividly to imagination an epoch in the development of knowledge to which we cannot without effort think ourselves back, a time when books were rarer and more precious than jewels?

On the most important historical question which arises, whether Patrick indeed first brought Christianity to Ireland, Dr. Gwynn plainly indicates an opinion that Christianity already existed in the southern parts of the island. Nevertheless he deals sternly with Zimmer's iconoclastic treatment of the national saint, and is, we think, justified of his disdain for that rash theorising. But he omits to notice a passage recently disinterred by Kuno Meyer among Zimmer's papers. This is an extract from a Leyden codex of the twelfth century, which tells how the Mæotic marsh was crossed by the Huns and Vandals, Goths and Alans, "before whose devastation all the learned of this side the water" ("omnes sapientes cismarini") "took flight, and in transmarine countries, namely in Hiberia, and wherever they repaired, brought an extreme advancement of knowledge to the inhabitants of those regions".



The transmarine Hiberia is plainly Ireland. Now the Vandal invasion was 406-409; in 418 the West Goths founded their kingdom in Western France, between the Loire and the Pyrenees. Patrick came to Ireland in 432, and the saint, who wrote very bad Latin, complained of fearing the criticism of "lordly rhetoricians" ("dominicali rhetorici") and of those who had "drunk in both law and sacred letters" and had "never changed their native speech, but always been perfecting it". Who were these "lordly rhetoricians" if not the "sapientes" from Gaul, that home of rhetoric, "nutricula caudicorum"? Zimmer's find (which was elaborated by Professor Meyer in "Zeitschrift zur Celtische Philologie", 9, 119) corroborates the good faith of Patrick, which Zimmer unfairly impugned. But it makes clear also that, though Patrick brought Christianity to Ulster and other parts of Ireland still barbarous, he was neither the first nor the most important introducer of Roman culture into that outlying island, where learning found a welcome and a shelter in chaotic times. The "Book of Armagh", in which (anno 1004) Brian of the Tribute caused to be inscribed his ratification of the privileges bequeathed by Patrick to Armagh, and which (anno 1680) its last hereditary keeper pawned for five pounds journey money to go to London and swear away the life of Archbishop Oliver Plunket, is linked to the history of Ireland by these and many other incidents, splendid and sordid; but it is also in its way a landmark in the records of European civilisation. Its editor has done worthily by it; its printers have done worthily; and congratulations are due to the Royal Irish Academy and to Dublin University on a result in which they have been jointly concerned.

#### WALT WHITMAN.

"Walt Whitman: A Critical Study." By Basil de Sélincourt. Seeker. 7s. 6d. net.

WALT WHITMAN has had tremendous success: tremendous failure. He is to-day one among the world's great poets. His message has been received in unexpected places. He is literary ancestor to a whole school of verse-makers and to many writers who hold semi-detached sites on Parnassus. Above all, he has been rightly taken as spokesman of his country's most natural ideals. This last point might almost be taken as proof of his complete triumph, yet a critical study such as Mr. de Sélincourt's shows us the other side of the medal. Whitman was in his way a Socrates, for his ambition was to go at the hour of full-market into any of the places where men and women meet, and then and there talk to them. Was not each of them "dear camerado"? Were they not only waiting for one who would speak with them freely on life, death, love, sex, beauty, liberty, provided the speaker could strip himself of all the paraphernalia which the poets of the past had hedged these subjects with? Walt Whitman had his "confab" with the people, and now it is necessary for the critics to appear, explaining what he meant. This thing alone proves his failure.

Many must have heard the story of the old woman who said she could understand "The Pilgrim's Progress" and was trusting to divine aid presently to understand the notes which completed her edition of Bunyan's work. The commentator often hinders knowledge, but Whitman gives him an opportunity to be of use. In "Leaves of Grass" there is much which at first sight appeals as grand, but there is much more which without deep study or an interpreter's aid remains meaningless, or, at least, obscure. When Poe and Blake and Verlaine prove elusive we count it for nothing against them, since they were priests of holy mysteries. To be outside the common life—"au-dessus de la vie", as Georges Rodenbach wrote—may be the positive aim of the poet, but it is not what we expect from the man who goes into the streets to preach. Whitman wanted "man to man" conversation with the democratic brotherhood. He abandoned metre, partly at least, because it seemed a bar to simplicity and fraternal equality, but the "dear camerado" would

have liked better a set of verses with a refrain to them.

Probably Walt Whitman imagined that if he wore his singing-ropes on all and every occasion he would necessarily find his way to the hearts of all people. In this he was terribly mistaken. The average mechanic does not want to be taught "the glory of his daily walk and trade", nor do those at the street corner care to be addressed as "you roughs". It may all sound homely, but most will prefer a change of air. Very early the poet must have found that the masses would not listen to him, and, a little later, that he was rejected by Americans of all classes. As Mr. de Sélincourt points out, Whitman was too patriotic to give pleasure in his own country. He was too satisfied with things as they were. To a nation yearning for culture he gave praise for crudeness. To a race peculiarly attached to its heritage of Shakespeare and Milton he dared suggest a start in a new literary life. In order to be purely national he called his country's greatest city Manhattan, though its inhabitants were proud of its tradition as New York, and might even have been flattered had he glossed the "New".

"Leaves of Grass" does not cease to represent a true American ideal because that ideal seems to be held by so few Americans. If the rights of man do not exist in a young republic, then are youth and republicanism but empty words. In such a land the poets and prophets should certainly be heard in the market-place, and that, we must remember, was Whitman's desire, even though it was not in his ability to accomplish it. To us in England his use of language must often appear barbarous, yet it does wonderfully suggest the linking of many new races on a virgin soil. "Omnes, omnes", he cries to his "cameradoes", and with an "allons" he summons his "promenaders". If the languages of the old world hold words he likes he will ransack their treasures for America. When ordinary resources fail he will make new words to fill the gaps.

Our Futurists of Europe were strangely anticipated by this poet, who now seems to us venerable and aloof, and he himself, maybe unconsciously, owed a debt to the Cénacle. One of his first principles was "to make no quotations and no reference to any other writer", and another that poetry must be "hasting, urging, resistless". There is a flat sameness in most revolutions, and the links between Hugo, Whitman, and the new singers of blood and the motor-car are the despair of revolutionary enthusiasts. Breaking with the past is a weary business when we realise how often the past has been broken and how wonderfully it has survived.

There is a great deal of interesting and instructive criticism in Mr. de Sélincourt's book, and in many respects his judgment of Walt Whitman seems admirable, though he is not happy when treating the poet's views on sex and their application in his life. He would like to prove that his man was a little more scrupulous than most men, whilst the evidence points chiefly the other way. As the facts are not perfectly clear the matter might well be left alone. We can accept Whitman's own statement that his life had been "jolly bodily and doubtless open to criticism" without drawing any evil inference from "Calamus". If the unworthiness of the priest does not hinder the effect of the sacrament we may surely, too, allow the same idea in our thoughts of a poet and his work.

#### COMEDY BEGINS.

"The Origin of Attic Comedy." By F. M. Cornford. Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

THIS is a bold and brilliant study. Suppose all the English comedies in the world to-day were to perish save a few of the plays of Sir William Gilbert. Then suppose that more than two thousand years hence a scholar and a critic belonging to another race were to read these sole surviving plays; suppose he were to try to understand how and why they came to be written just in that particular way, to determine the principles on which they were constructed, and to deduce from them how English comedy had started and

through precisely what stages it had passed. Suppose, too, that scarcely a scrap of contemporary criticism or history of the English theatre had survived to help the scholar in his researches. Then we begin to get an idea of the task Mr. Cornford has set himself. The comedies of Aristophanes are the beginning, and they are almost the end, of his evidence. What is the origin of Attic comedy? If we cannot answer that question from reading Aristophanes we are likely to ask it in vain. Mr. Cornford's theory is based, first to last, upon a close reading of the comedies themselves, interpreted with hints from Greek religion and folklore. The peril of the method is obvious; but it cannot be avoided. Perhaps the nearest equivalent to a comedy of Aristophanes in London to-day is a musical play at the "Gaiety". There are, of course, important differences. The comedies of Aristophanes are immortally written. They are whirlwinds of inspired buffoonery which will live as long as Greek is included among the civilised languages of the world. A musical play at the "Gaiety" is no such thing; but the form is not unlike. A number of topical incidents, jokes, and figures is fastened to a negligible plot, ending in a perfunctory marriage. Superficially every argument whereby Mr. Cornford seeks to prove that a comedy of Aristophanes is in form a religious mystery could quite easily be applied to prove precisely the same of "The Girl in the Taxi". Thus, Mr. Cornford argues that the marriages of Aristophanes must be sacramental survivals because they are quite arbitrary; they have no real justification in character or in the reasonable needs of the tale. Is not this true of ninety in a hundred plays with happy endings on the English stage at the present moment? Moreover, Mr. Cornford argues that the plan of an Aristophanic comedy must needs be determined by an ancient ritual surviving as the skeleton of his design because all his plots are fundamentally alike. Are we aware of any great variety of plots in modern London? Clearly Mr. Cornford's method has its perils.

Yet we are convinced that Mr. Cornford is right. He is at every stage fully aware of the exact value of his method and of his evidence. He admits that many of his points are the merest straws. But all the straws blow one way in the comedies of Aristophanes. Mr. Cornford's theory as to their derivation—his explanation of their form—helps us to understand why the comedies of Aristophanes are in the shape we find them better than any theory or explanation yet put forward. It accounts better for all the facts, and must therefore be accepted as the truly scientific hypothesis till someone is able to turn up with a theory that accounts for them even more thoroughly. We think it will be long indeed before any such interpreter appears.

Briefly and crudely, Mr. Cornford conceives the comedies of Aristophanes as grounded upon a ritual whereby the fertility of nature is induced by sacrifice and marriage—by "sympathetic mimesis". The basis of all the comedies is a "canonical plot-formula" which "preserves the stereotyped action of a ritual folk-drama". We cannot here set forth Mr. Cornford's argument at large, or follow his theory into its refinements. Every reader of Dr. Fraser's studies in primitive religion will quickly perceive endless possibilities in Mr. Cornford's idea—even as it is here bluntly and niggardly set down. To follow Mr. Cornford through the details of his thesis is a rare delight. He is a scholar without pedantry. He can spend himself upon the small points that make his theory logical and tight without losing his sense of proportion, or exaggerating the importance of his pursuit. Moreover, he can come out of his study into the world and talk wisely of things which are for ever fresh. His theory of Attic comedy is perhaps a little out of the beaten way of simple literature. We can enjoy the comedies of Aristophanes whether we perceive, or not, that their form is determined by "sympathetic mimesis". But for all who read and care for good criticism Mr. Cornford has something of value and pertinence. His chapter on the stock masks of the old comedy has an implied reference to more than the vulgar comedy out

of which the comedy of Aristophanes originally sprang. His chapter, again, upon the early distinction between comedy and tragedy is matter for the reflection of anyone who has ever tried to define, explain, or describe the comic appeal. We would like to insist upon the fine humanity of this book because we fear that many readers who are waiting to enjoy just such a book as this might, in first looking into its pages, be deterred from looking further. Scanning headings such as "The Form of the Agon" or "The Antichoria and Epirrhematic Structure" the impulse of ninety buyers out of a hundred would be to drop the volume very rapidly, and to pass on, almost certainly, to something very modern and extremely unsatisfying. Here, meantime, is the book we really are looking for—a book for all careful readers and thinkers.

#### J'ECRIS L'HISTOIRE DES PINGUINS.

"Antarctic Penguins." By Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N. Heinemann. 6s. net.

[Published this week.]

MES hyperboréens ont, à vrai dire, les ailerons non point squameux, mais couverts de petites pennes; bien que leurs jambes soient plantées un peu moins en arrière que celles des méridionaux, ils marchent de même, le buste levé, la tête haute, en balançant le corps d'une aussi digne façon, et leur bec sublime n'est pas la moindre cause de l'erreur où tomba l'apôtre, quand il les prit pour des hommes." M. Anatole France, when he humanised his penguins, was perhaps even wiser than he knew. At any rate, here is a man of science—a zoologist so ardent in his pursuit of natural history that he will venture into regions where the temperature descends at times to  $-75^{\circ}$  Fahr.—writing of mes hyperboréens in very human terms indeed; of their love, fight, humour, curiosity, travel, domestic arrangements, jealousy, flirtation. Here and there Dr. Levick may put something of a strain on our credulity—and perhaps upon his own. For example, when he tells us that the Adélie penguins hate the McGormick skuas so intensely they post sentinels whose duty it is to drive away the skuas from the heaps of offal—no good to the penguins—cast outside the explorer's camp. We have not the least doubt the penguins (1) hate the skuas and (2) harass them whenever a chance offers: but (3) that they methodise a plan of campaign against them we do not believe. The thing is not in a bird, even an Adélie; whereas (1) and (2) absolutely are in many birds and other animals. We question greatly whether even hive bees "set sentinels".

Another story in Dr. Levick's particularly captivating book is somewhat too much for us. Dr. Levick tells of a friend who is sitting down at Cape Adare one day when a penguin walks up, eyes him a little, comes nearer, and gently nibbles at his trousers: then walks away, picks up a pebble, returns, and drops it on the ground by the man's side. So far so good—we believe the story entirely. But when Dr. Levick interprets the act as an overture of friendship from penguin to human, we may ask to be excused. There are no doubt a few instances on record that point to platonic acts of pure friendship—apart from sexual passion altogether—in birds and even in fishes; but a penguin offering to a man, an utter stranger, the kind gift of friendship and good-fellowship is a thing we cannot grasp at all. Otherwise how quaint, how full of humour and of charm is Dr. Levick's book of the penguins! In their amours they remind us not a little of some familiar home species. The penguin in love is in some ways quite like the crow, or raven, or rook in love. Thus he sings when the tender mood is on him. At least, he makes "soft, guttural sounds". One has noted the same in the rook at this time of year. Not only does the rook's "cawk" or "carr" soften in February and March, but we have seen a rook fly into a tree far from the rookery, and there, to himself, gurgle and croon ecstatically. Again, the bow of a carrion crow thoroughly in love—one of the most

ridiculous sights in the world of wild life—may be well compared with the ecstatic attitudinising and posing of these Adélie penguins of the Antarctic. Or the solemn manner in which the male Adélie will bring handsome presents to his love in the shape of pebbles for her nest and set them down in front of her recalls the offer of a grub to the hen from the cock rook in an English park or meadow now in March.

Dr. Levick tells us about the battles of the penguins in particular. They fight for their hens till their flippers are broken; and often the hens, too, will peck each other till their heads are sore. He tells us of their thievish ways, too, and the crafty way they rob each other, stealing pebble after pebble from a nest whose owner is not on her guard. Habits of this character are common to many of our own birds, only the old dry-as-dust zoologists and writers never troubled to record them, being too busy with naming and classifying.

The book verily is quite a rare little treat, and we like the natural way, the jolly way, it is written. The pictures—there are between seventy and eighty of them—are full of humour. Everybody concerned in bringing out this book must have enjoyed himself. It ought to have, and we think it will have, a great run.

#### TRAVELLERS' JOY.

"The Tower of the Mirrors." By Vernon Lee. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

BOOKS of travel are of two kinds. One is made by the author's instinct as journalist, the other is the fruit of traveller's joy. Writers who want to pay the hotel bill may set out, with publishers' commissions in their pockets, to inspect the Druidical remains of Brittany, for the orgies of Swiss winter, or to discover the midget republic, Andorra. These trips may bring pleasure as well as profit, and end in a book almost free from the taint of its commercial origin. Perhaps it will be only their earnest, conscientious air which distinguishes them from the genuine chronicle of the happy wanderer who sees and neglects, sublimely impartial, and who, when he is not appalling in his blindness, is exasperating in his horrid power of observation. This collection of essays and sketches by "Vernon Lee" has a very pleasant suggestion of idleness about it. The writer seems to have gone hither and thither through France, Italy, and Germany, without scheme, compass, excess of luggage. She has been doing that sort of thing for years, and, whatever the connection between her journeys and her books, she leaves no trace to hint to us that she has taken the road to Rome, or any other road, because of its possibilities for a pen-and-paper chase.

Were we seeking a book about Paris or Rome or one of the great cities we should not ask for one by Vernon Lee, for we have either our own ideas and ideals of those places or else are in need of serried facts about them for the dispelling of ignorance. But from "The Tower of the Mirrors" we usually look out on places which only the confirmed wanderer knows in any proper sense, and we like its author best when she is writing of some dull small town of provincial France or a hidden corner of the Tuscan country. At Autun, for instance, where any conscientious guide would tell you there is practically nothing to be seen, there is yet much to imagine. Once it was Augustodunum, capital of Gaul, "*Soror Æmulaque Romæ*". Many centuries later the young Napoleon Bonaparte came there with his younger brothers to learn a correct French accent, and to-day it has its ugly cathedral and its fine streets desolate and dirty. Such a town offers few opportunities to the trained observer, for, at the best, he can but write its epitaph, and most of us know that in advance. To see ghosts we must shut our eyes. To follow them we must take the wings of the world. Then, perhaps, we shall escape the slavery of time and realise the meaning of "those half-buried walls fit to girdle six Autuns, of the two huge gates stranded in the fields . . . of the altars and idols perpetually laid

bare by the plough, the pennies of Cæsars turned up in planting vines". We shall know this place as "*Augustodunum soror æmulaque Romæ*".

The good traveller has always more than miles to conquer. Space is overcome by walking roughshod, by iron ways, by force, by brutality, but in the march with time we must step delicately. The subtle conqueror finds more, perhaps, in a single village street than in a journey from New York to San Francisco, and more still on a rounded mound covered only by grass. When the author tells us that it was not until after thirty years of life in Florence that she went to Vallombroso, we know for certain that she is not a writer with an appetite for "copy". There is a sound in the name which is fascinating in its promise of mystery and beauty, yet the place may prove a ground of conflict between imagination and what we imagine to be reality. Life there must be a continuous mental adventure, but Vernon Lee does not halt. Her essays are the delightful record of a sentimental journey, and in a page or two she is at Petrarch's house at Arquà. There is always an impression, often a vision, yet pleasant triflings by the way are cultivated rather than neglected. Once the smell of cooking apples makes a memory, and at another time it is the sight of an old monk making a pair of breeches which, perhaps, it would not be seemly for him to wear. These things lead nowhere; they have given pleasure; they have served their purpose.

#### WHO WAS OUIDA?

"Ouida: a Memoir." By Elizabeth Lee. London: Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

OUIDA wrote forty-seven novels; loved dogs, who loved her in return, and men, who did not; and was devoted to litigation and humanity. Such is the answer which, in years to come, might be given to anyone enquiring, "Who was Ouida?" It is possible some of her books may survive, like the equally wondrous romances of Augusta J. Evans Wilson; but it is dangerous to prophesy.

It is a curious story that Miss Lee has to tell. Ouida was a ramshackle genius; full of human inconsistencies; capricious and earnest; insisting on the partial concealment of her identity, yet convinced of her power to sway the judgment of Europe; lavish in her personal expenditure and perennially without cash; living in a society which she flouted and expected to forgive her; and driving her best friends to intolerance. It may well be claimed that this record does greater honour to nearly everybody named in its pages than to Ouida herself.

Yet we must thank one who entertained many thousands of readers. There was usually a purpose in her romances; there was, secondarily, a story; there was always a sense of character, and frequently good descriptions. But she was not fastidious with words; the epigrammatic sneer, "She has not a command of language, but language has a command of her", is certainly true of her writing; yet, *mutatis mutandis*, it is only what all men have always said of women. Ouida was thoroughly a woman, and a woman of her age; but she was not progressive, for though she began to write twenty years ahead of her day, she finished twenty years behind it.

She was also a critic. The contrast of Dante and Shakespeare which Miss Lee quotes (pp. 278-9) is, as she says, admirable; and she was drawn by several obvious sympathies into an admiration of Shelley none the less sincere for being critical. Yet literature alone did not absorb all her activities of mind; she was continuously observant of social and political conditions, and an ardent champion of many a cause logically indefensible. She cannot be labelled. She was desperately sure that commerce, war, and Socialism were the joint destructors of life, yet argued passionately against the "new hygiene", that tends to preserve life. Disease, she argued, is not so terrible a scourge



as war; "disease kills more women than men, and therefore serves the world better"!

Hers was a queer personality, and her personal friendships were remarkable; friendships with women suddenly exploded; friendships with men, seldom seen, were sustained by irregular but long-continued correspondence. She broke into sudden rudeness to familiar visitors and into violent quarrels with neighbours. Indeed, one cannot help feeling, after a study of Miss Lee's book, that many of those who were faithful to her maintained their affection most easily from a distance. Poor Ouida! Childlike in many ways, she outlived her reputation and her balance at the bank.

### NOVELS.

"The Fortunate Youth." By W. J. Locke. John Lane. 6s.

[Published this week.]

MR. W. J. LOCKE'S joyous personality and invincible optimism are very much to the fore in his new novel. He transports us to a fairyland of his own devising, where in a modern setting and to people like ourselves the most whimsical, extravagant things befall. He has gone for inspiration to Cinderella. Only Cinderella this time is not a girl, but a boy of Apollo-like beauty, who rises from the gutter to a great position in life and to marriage with a Princess. We are introduced to Paul Kegworthy as a ragged, neglected little urchin living with a fiendish mother and a drunken step-father in a squalid slum of a Lancashire cotton town. He had wavy hair of raven black, a dark olive complexion, flushed in spite of haphazard nourishment and nights spent on the stone floor of the reeking scullery, with the warm blood of health, great liquid black eyes, and the exquisite delicate features of a young Praxitelean god. It was this "preposterous perfection" which made Paul's fortune. From the first he knew himself different from others, and when at a Sunday School treat he meets a lovely lady who, attracted by his beauty, gives him a cornelian heart the seeds of romance are sown in him. A chance conversation which he overhears, when it is hinted that he must be a child of a Prince and Princess, fires his imagination and sends him forth in quest of adventure.

He runs away from home with a travelling pedlar, Barney Bill, a delightful Cockney Borrow who gets his philosophy straight from Nature, reaches London, earns a precarious living as an artist's model, and later, under the name of Paul Savelli, becomes an actor. He is not a great success. The company fails and he is stranded in the provinces, starts to walk home, and faints on the doorstep of one who proves to be a veritable fairy godmother. This is Miss Ursula Winwood, a charming lady of middle-age, sister of Colonel Winwood, M.P., and a puller of strings in the political world. Henceforward for Paul it is "roses, roses all the way". He is launched on a political career, becomes the rising hope of the Conservative Party as member for Hickney Heath, and dreams of himself as the Awakener of England.

To crown all he finds his fairy Princess in the lovely and adorable Princess Sophia Zobraska, who openly shows her preference for him. He has been accepted everywhere on his attractive personality and on the supposition, which he has taken care to foster, that he is of noble Italian parentage. He receives his only serious check to his career of conquest when he at last discovers that his real father is no Prince, but is one Silas Finn, who has made a fortune out of fried fish shops. But although on the discovery he is prepared to relinquish the idea of marriage, his Princess will not have it. At a dinner party she induces a Great Personage to announce her forthcoming marriage to Mr. Paul Savelli and the curtain rings down to the sound of marriage bells and with the suggested probability that Paul will become Prime Minister.

The story is in Mr. Locke's best manner. It has all the persuasive charm which he knows so well how to impart. He can infuse new life into old matter. There

is in him a rebellious vein of romanticism, a love of the quixotic, a tender chivalry, an indulgent irony which give his work a particularly individual flavour. And about him is a sense of buoyancy, a *joie de vivre* that never degenerates into flippancy. He has undeniable qualities of style, a sensuous delight in earth's beauty and life's luxury and a sense of honour which "rainbows the tears of the world". Of two things he should beware—an occasional tendency to be content with cheap finish and a leaning to a too sugary sentiment.

"His Great Adventure." By Robert Herrick. Mills and Boon. 6s.

About half-way through this novel the author seems to have been afflicted with a change of mind. It may be that he thought his hero, who had journeyed from New York to France and Holland by way of San Francisco and Mexico, and had then come home in possession of an unclaimed fortune, was worthy of a little rest; or perhaps he thought that having given a portion of the book to the popular taste for a wayfarer's adventures it would be well to devote the rest to the interests of those intellectual persons whom he styles "highbrows". It happens at least that on page 203 we find Edgar Brainard maturing schemes to open a popular theatre with a performance of "King Lear". How the part of Cordelia was taken by an absolutely untrained and uneducated amateur, and how in time she revealed herself as the heiress whose money was being squandered on dramatic art, are other matters which Mr. Herrick relates at considerable length. Until reading "His Great Adventure" we had no idea how long a time a short story could take in the telling, so from its pages we have gathered at least one new piece of knowledge. But it is a dull book all the same.

"The Cost of Wings." By Richard Dehan. Heinemann. 6s.

What are the sensations of an airman's wife who is condemned day after day to watch her husband risking his life. To the public she is a woman in an ulster, or in a dust-cloak and a silk motor-veil, thick to hide the terror of her face. She is possessed by a secret expectation of seeing a man hurled to a horrible death; and the man is—her husband. That is the theme of "Richard Dehan's" short story which gives the title to this volume. And the author has treated it with admirable skill and restraint. It would be so easy with such a subject to sound a false note, to overdo the sentiment. There is a quiet in all these twenty-six short stories. There is no attempt to dazzle or surprise. They are simply told, with an art that conceals itself. Here we have wit, humour, pathos and satire. And the contents are agreeably varied, ranging from stories of the occult and a psychological study of a student who becomes obsessed by a love of sheer ugliness to simple pieces or stories of pure fun like that of the Eton boy describing his experiences.

"Dust from the Loom." By Edward Noble. Constable. 6s.

Mr. Edward Noble is learned in the sea, and here, in "the two Atacamas", he gives much of his wisdom, softened by a love-story as Spanish as Maurice Hewlett could desire, for it tells of the passion of a young English naval officer for the beautiful Chasma, a daughter of the Chilean Minister of War, Don Pedro. Mr. Noble has decided views on the merchant service, and expresses them with candour. Mr. Noble's chief fault is an artificial style which sometimes borders on the ludicrous.

"The Folk of Furry Farm." By K. E. Purdon. Nisbet. 6s.

Miss Purdon, as "George Birmingham" declares in his clever preface to a still cleverer book, strikes a new note in Irish literature, for she writes of the people of Meath, whose intelligence literary Ireland compares to

that of the cattle they herd. But her book is a revelation on this point, for she portrays them with sympathy, charm and humour. She has caught the imagination of Ireland, with all its pathos and bathos, as in a net. There is not the genius of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" in these Irish peasant-sketches, but they are quiet and true. The advances of Mickey Hefferman of Furry Farm, the "Daylight Ghost" of Jimmy, Julia, the shrewish wife of Peetchen of Ardenoo, all are depicted with a skilful hand. Miss Purdon understands the farmers and peasants of Meath, and we look forward to more from her delightfully descriptive pen.

**"Two in the Wilderness." By Stanley Washburn Melrose. 6s.**

In spite of certain crudities and affectations, such as the use of "gotten" for got, Mr. Stanley Washburn has written a more than ordinarily attractive novel. His hero is sometimes rather tedious in his sheer goodness and is reminiscent of "Alton of Somasco", by Mr. Harold Bindloss. He is a man who can read Darwin out in the wilds of Canada, which is almost too heroic to be human. He is a prodigal son in search of gold in Canada who meets with two women, the younger being the heroine of this duet of the wilds. Her companion is an elderly novelist seeking local colour in Canada. But she dies of a malignant fever, and when an accident in the rapids carries off the two men accompanying them the girl is thrown entirely on the hands of the hero, who is practically a stranger to her. The incidents are all well-depicted and there is a delightful Irish terrier, named Zing, in the book. How it ends and how the "Two in the Wilderness" become one in civilisation will be easy guesswork for the reader.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

**"Elizabethan Drama and its Mad Folk." By E. A. Peers. Hefner. 3s. 6d. net.**

The Elizabethans loved a madman as they loved battles and corpses and bear-baiting and whipping beggars bloody through the streets. Naturally, therefore, the plays of the time are packed with mad folk. Mr. Peers has made a study—an anthology of mad folk with critical comments—of the treatment of madness by the great Elizabethans from Shakespeare to Marston and Massinger. The theme takes him through a vast mass of splendid literature, recalling to the reader great memories of plays half forgotten. One wishes to call for these tragedies and comedies and once more plunge deeply in. Mr. Peers's book is able and shrewd; his reading and enthusiasm not to be suspected. It is curious to discover, reading this book, how Shakespeare's mad people are always discussed by the doctors as if they were living cases of madness to be diagnosed and understood. From this point, or that, says one doctor after another, Lear was mad or he was not. Lear is taken as an absolute case. He is a mad man. He is never simply Shakespeare's idea of a mad man. Could anything more wonderfully point to the marvellous genius of Shakespeare than the way people first accept his people for real, and discuss their actions afterwards?

**"Walks and Scrambles in the Highlands." By Arthur L. Bagley. Skeffington. 3s. 6d. net.**

There is not enough roughing and tramping among the wild plains of our native hills, and many Englishmen would be well advised to follow in Mr. Bagley's footsteps. He has given up his short summer holiday year after year to climbing British hills and mountains, and his book is a perfectly unaffected record of his experiences. He does not word-paint—he frankly says he cannot—and his feats are presented as in no way heroic. But the book has a real attraction through its simplicity and straightforwardness. Moreover it brings us into touch with Nature in the Scottish hills and forests—with the elements, with the sense of solitude and freedom from convention, and with that thoroughly wholesome physical weariness which comes through long walks and scrambles over rough places. There has been a certain amount of rubbish and gush indulged in of late years about the merit in tramps and tramping: it is a cult, a kind of decadent's cult. But this work and author are free of suspicion. "Walks and Scrambles in the Highlands" is the book of a man without cults and affectations, healthy in limb and thought.

**"Travellers' Tales of Scotland." By R. H. Coats. Paisley: Gardner. 2s. 6d. net.**

Mr. Coats has collected in his book the opinions of a number of distinguished visitors to Scotland, both on the people and the country. Some are flattering, some quite the reverse. Froissart wrote: "They are like savages, who wish not to be acquainted with anyone, and are too envious of the good fortune of others, and are suspicious of losing anything themselves, for their country is very poor". Ayalla, the ambassador of Ferdinand and Isabella, said, on the other hand: "They like foreigners so much that they dispute with one another who shall have and treat a foreigner in his house". So pleased was the Spaniard with Scotland that he assured his master the country was nearer than England to the dominions of the Most Catholic King. In another century, Wesley declared many of the inhabitants to be "wholly unacquainted with true religion, yea, and all genuine morality"; but Bishop Pococke observed, "they have no holydays, and this preserves them perfectly sober and industrious", though he was also compelled to admit that "they spend commonly three days at funerals . . . and this time is spent in eating and drinking very plentifully". Mr. Coats has compiled an amusing little book and one which should interest both Scots and strangers.

**"French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century." By Albert L. Guerard. Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.**

As an aid to the study of the social, artistic and political development of France during the last century, M. Guerard's book can be recommended. His opinions will not commend themselves to all, and it would be possible to subject many of them to sharp criticism, but the general outline of his work is admirable. Even the author's affection for Napoleon III., though not easy to explain, marks him as a writer bold enough to dispense with tradition when in search of truth. His remarks on such comparatively recent questions as the Dreyfus affair and the Separation Law are made with every sign of fair judgment, and should be read in order to clear away the vague notions which many in England have on these vexed problems. Good, too, is his summary of the latest phase in French literature, which has passed from the various influences of reason, passion, human brotherhood and science to the sway of "life". Of course, "la vie" may be only a catchword like Rousseau's "Nature" or Robespierre's "Virtue"; yet it seems to be expressing itself in acts as well as in deeds. M. Guerard's last chapter contains an attack on militarism which is scarcely in keeping with his usual sane and impartial criticisms, but more surprising is his statement as to the alarming growth of alcoholism. This change in the habits of the people he ascribes to several reasons, and of these the most probable seems the increasing sale of bad liquors following the ruin of the vineyards by the plague of phylloxera.

**"Prisons and Prisoners." By Lady Constance Lytton. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.**

In this book Lady Constance Lytton describes her experiences in the various prisons where she has been lodged for her share in the suffragist campaign. The strongest, or, at least, the most reasonable charge she can bring against the authorities is that she was treated with more consideration when she had been convicted in her own name than during her masquerade as "Jane Warton". Much that she has to say, has, however, been said so often by herself and others that we can only read it now with a sense of profound weariness. Perhaps the most curious and significant thing in the book is the evidence it gives of the personal devotion which the author and her associates seem to feel for the members of the Pankhurst family. The stories of stone-throwing and hitting barricades with hatchets are not impressive, whilst Lady Constance Lytton's attempt to tattoo herself with the inscription "Votes for Women" during a stay at Holloway merely suggests a policy of pin-pricks. The description of the hunger-strike is, of course, a sterner matter, and here we cannot smile, but it is difficult to understand how so much enthusiasm and physical courage could have resulted in such an utterly ineffectual campaign.

**"The Problems of Psychical Research." By Hereward Carrington. Rider. 7s. 6d. net.**

Writing as a critical believer in certain forms of psychical phenomena, Mr. Carrington examines the several ways in which these might occur. To most readers his most interesting chapters will be those which treat on such comparatively simple matters as the pointing or writing by a planchette and other similar means of obtaining "messages". The question of the force operating in these experiments is, of course, one which at present baffles explanation, but they are so easy to make that their examination need not be confined to devoted investigators. It is by no means difficult to follow Mr. Carrington to many of his negative conclusions, and we are glad to say that he avoids any dogmatic summaries. In dealing with the spiritistic solution of these problems, he remarks that it gains some strength from the fact that the planchette so often uses language which its apparent operators would regard, to say the least of it,



as impolite. But surely he is aware that both in sleep and in delirium many people show a side to their nature which at other times is either dormant or hidden. May it not be that a similar sign of duality in character appears in even the most blameless circle of those who are experimenting in the unusual and are more or less in a state of nervous excitement? Emerson said there was an ultimate Tory in all men, and it may be that in all men and women there is an ultimate Mr. Masfield. This and many other psychic problems are, however, worth serious investigation, and Mr. Carrington is usually following the right lines, the initial facts being granted him at least for the sake of argument.

**"The Parson."** By C. L. Banister. Skeffington. 2s. 6d. net.

In this little book we find sketches of clerical types as they are found in town and country, in the colonies and on the Continent. Mr. Banister himself appears to be a Churchman of broad sympathies, though that adjective need not be taken in its technical sense, for has it not been said the average "Broad Churchman" is one who is willing to turn in any direction except towards the East? The author's breadth of view is otherwise. He finds the divine in the human, and often pleads for more individual and personal union between the parson and the people of his parish. In writing of town work he deplores the "over-multiplication of Services and Societies" at the expense of house to house visitation. Many of the suggestions he makes for work in the country are soundly practical. He is doubtful of the value of the fanatical preacher of temperance in a village where the ale-house is the only place of entertainment, asks ardent reformers to go warily in Conservative districts, would have union of small parishes, and suggests the need of equality of treatment for all parishioners. Primarily, we take it, his book is intended for those who are about to be ordained, and it should be to them a particularly useful guide in the matter of what to avoid. Older clerics may feel that it contains certain counsels of perfection, but its obvious intention is to set men on the right road. There is little mention of ritual or minor points of dogma, and we fancy the writer has small love for a curate with a stiff neck.

**"The Story of Pet Marjorie."** By Lachlan Macbean. Stirling: Mackay. 2s. 6d.

Marjorie Fleming, the child whom Walter Scott loved, left many treasures to mark her eight years of life. The volume now before us includes her newly discovered journals, and every page of them proves that she was wonderful. It was not in the least that she was an "infant prodigy". There is no finished, meaningless excellence in anything she wrote. She had, along with almost every child, a vast curiosity and a desire for self-expression, but with her these moods were not fleeting. Day after day she sat down and wrote of herself and her thoughts. In reading the diaries it is easy to see what is natural to the little girl and what are the gleanings of the talk of her elders. All the raw materials of character are here before us, unmixed, and the book is probably the only absolutely authentic guide we have to the workings of a child's mind. Like many of her time and race she went in great awe of the "Deevil", and had a grim taste for reading the Newgate Calendar, but her gentle side is shown in her interest in the mystery of love affairs, of which, despite prohibitions, she wrote constantly. Religion of the darkest kind seems to have been drilled into her, and undoubtedly it clouded her last days. The chronicle of her life is as pathetic as it is fascinating.

**"Poetry and Drama."** 2s. 6d. net. (Quarterly.)

This review continues to be necessary to all who are interested in contemporary poetry. This number has verse by Ezra Pound, Maurice Hewlett, Godfrey Elton, and James Elroy Flecker. Contemporary poetry is criticised from a reasonable standard and point of view. Anyone who cares for current poetry or wishes to follow the activities of current poets at all closely will realise that here is his natural voice.

**"The Modern Family Doctor."** T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.

Here are nearly 700 pages of medical advice for three-and-sixpence. How does a publisher contrive to print this book at the price? It is simply wonderful market value. The articles are full, well-arranged, and cover the common ills. It is, indeed, a great book for three-and-sixpence.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

### FICTION.

James Whitaker's Dukedom (Edgar Jepson); Tansy (Tickner Edwardes). Hutchinson. 6s. each.  
The Loadstone (Violet M. Methley). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.  
The Orley Tradition (Ralph Straus). Methuen. 6s.  
Old Valentines (Munson Havens). Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

Leviathan (Jeannette Marks); The Chief of the Ranges (H. A. Cody), 6s. each; Blindman's Buff (Jacques Futrelle), 2s. net.  
Hodder and Stoughton.  
Where Bonds are Loosed (Grant Watson). Duckworth. 6s.

### HISTORY.

The Millers of Haddington, Dunbar and Dunfermline (W. J. Couper). Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.  
Napoleon in Exile: Elba, 1814-1815 (Norwood Young). Stanley Paul. 21s. net.  
The Confederation of Europe: A study of the European Alliance, 1813-1823, as an Experiment in the International Organization of Peace (Walter Alison Phillips). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.  
History of the Nations (Edited by Walter Hutchinson). Part V. Hutchinson. 7d. net.

### LAW.

The Law and Practice of Bankruptcy (G. L. Hardy). Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

Antarctic Penguins: A study of their Social Habits (Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N.). Heinemann. 6s. net.  
Some Minute Animal Parasites (R. B. Fantham and Annie Porter). Methuen. 5s. net.  
British Flowering Plants (Mrs. Henry Perrin and Professor Boulger). Vol. I. Quaritch. £12 12s. net per set of 4 vols.

### REFERENCE BOOKS.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray). Vol. VIII. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 5s.

### REPRINTS.

The Life of Cesare Borgia (Rafael Sabatini). Stanley Paul. 5s. net.  
The Works of Man (Lisle March Phillippe). Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

A First Book of English Literature (George Saintsbury). Macmillan. 1s. 6d.  
A Third Year Course of Organic Chemistry (T. P. Hilditch), 6s.;  
A Text-book of Elementary Building Construction (Arthur R. Sage and Wm. E. Fretwell), 3s. 6d. net. Methuen.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Natural Law in Science and Philosophy (Emile Boutroux). Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.  
Life and Human Nature (Sir Bampfylde Fuller, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.). Murray. 9s. net.

### THEOLOGY.

Can we still be Christians? (Rudolf Eucken). Black. 3s. 6d. net.  
Christianity and Ethics: A Handbook of Christian Ethics (Archibald B. D. Alexander). Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.  
Jesus in the Nineteenth Century and After (Heinrich Weinel and Alban G. Wiggery). Edinburgh: Clark. 10s. 6d. net.  
The Historical Christ (Dr. F. C. Conybeare). 3s. 6d. net; Christianity and Civilization (Charles T. Gornham), 9d. net. Watts.

### TRAVEL.

Gloucestershire (J. Charles Cox). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.  
Terry's Japanese Empire, including Korea and Formosa: A Guide-book for Travellers (T. Philip Terry). Constable. 21s. net.

### VERSE AND DRAMA.

Andromache: A Play in Three Acts (Gilbert Murray). Allen. 2s. net.  
The Sea is Kind (T. Sturge Moore). Grant Richards. 6s. net.  
Selections from the Epigrams of M. Valerius Martialis (Translated or Imitated in English Verse by W. J. Courthorpe). Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Anecdotes of Pulpit and Parish (Collected and Arranged by Arthur H. Engelbach). Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.  
Comic Dictionary, The (Bernard Smith), 2s. 6d. net; The Career briefly set forth of Mr. Percy Prendergast, who Told the Truth (Lady Margaret Sackville), 1s. net. Stockwell.  
Elizabethan Drama and Its Mad Folk (Edgar Allison Peers). 3s. 6d. net; Perse Playbooks, No. 4, First-Fruits of the Play Method in Prose, 3s. net. Cambridge: Heffer.  
Human Quintessence (Sigurd Ibsen). Palmer. 5s. net.  
Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk: A Study in Social Evolution (Edward Carpenter). Allen. 4s. 6d. net.  
Origin of the World, The: A Book for Children (Robert McMillan). Watts. 2s. net.  
Present State of Mediaeval Studies in Great Britain, The (Professor T. F. Tout). Oxford: University Press. 1s. net.  
Social Reform: As Related to Realities and Delusions (W. H. Mallock). Murray. 6s. net.  
Where no Fear was: A Book about Fear (Arthur C. Benson). Smith, Elder. 6s. net.  
Wisdom of the East Series, The; The Religion of the Sikhs (Dorothy Field). Murray. 2s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.—Mècheroutiette; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s. net; The Irish Review, 6d. net; Peru To-day, 15 cents; The Poet, 3d.; The Cornhill Magazine, 1s. net; Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net.



## FINANCE.

## THE CITY.

	Highest.	Lowest.
Consols ... ..	76½	74½
Day-to-day Loans ... ..	3%	2¾%
3 Months' Bank Bills ... ..	2½%	1½%
	Jan. 29, 1914.	Oct. 17, 1912.
Bank Rate ... ..	3 per cent.	5 per cent.
General Settlement, April 8th.		
Consols Settlement, April 1st.		

THE condition of the Stock Exchange continues to be far from attractive to the public individual with a taste for speculation, or even investment. In the earlier part of the week markets throughout the House were favourably impressed by the pledge given to General Gough concerning the Army's relations with Ulster. Investment orders rapidly followed upon the heels of the more hopeful situation, and "bears" hastily covered a large proportion of their commitments entered into last week, Consols having touched the more agreeable figure of 76½ for cash delivery. Later developments, however, have made it quite obvious that the Army crisis is by no means over, and with all sorts of rumours in the air it is impossible for the Stock Exchange to develop any degree of optimism.

The marked absence of "bear" selling during this political upheaval is a good indication of the soundness of the financial position in the House at the moment; but the Government's repudiation of the undertaking given to the Army has renewed Stock Exchange depression, and it is impossible to imagine what further effect the Government may have on financial circles between now and July, when jobbers hope to be relieved from Radical legislation.

Owing to the large amount of gold sent to the provinces, the week's Bank of England statement hardly appears so favourable; but the present Reserve of £30,719,000 compares with £26,740,000 at this time last year, and Continental demands for gold have been on a reduced scale. It is impossible to regard the present as a favourable time for placing money in British investment securities, because in all probability a further shrinkage in values will be witnessed in the near future in sympathy with political factors; but in view of the improving condition of monetary and political influences abroad, investors would be well advised to keep a sharp outlook upon developments at Westminster during the current account. Apart from Consols, which at present yield about £3 6s. per cent., the Local Loan issue appears to be one of the most attractive gilt-edged investments, with its yield of £3 9s. 6d. at the present price.

The most important new issue of the week has been the Belgian Loan for £6,000,000. Of this £3,000,000 had already been applied for, and in view of the general response to the issue it was evident that applicants could only receive a comparatively small percentage of the amount applied for. Of the Greek Loan of £10,000,000, which will be issued next week, only a little over one and a half millions, in 5 per cent. bonds, will be offered in London at 92½. The success of the Belgian Loan promises similar fortune to this Greek issue, and the fact that it is under the auspices of the Six Powers will no doubt make it doubly attractive, while special security has been afforded by the decision to devote to the service of the loan the yearly surplus of the revenues, which amount to £1,880,000 on the basis of the 1909-11 figures.

Notwithstanding that the recent Canadian issue rapidly transformed its discount into a premium, the City of Winnipeg loan of £1,150,000 in Four and a-Half Consolidated Registered stock at 98 per cent., just issued, did not particularly appeal to investors. The stock will be redeemable at par in 1963, with an option to the City to redeem after February 1st, 1943.

The flotation of new loans next week will probably be controlled to some extent by the condition of politics here; but it is practically certain that a fairly large Queensland loan will be issued, and it will probably be of the long-dated description.

Home Railway stocks participated in the improve-

ment during the earlier part of the week. In a few isolated cases quotations are still a fraction above the level of the recent "making-up" basis, but generally the leading issues are ½ to 1 under that position. The heavy line traffic returns continue to show substantial decreases, and dealers are professing to be scared at the possible results of a General Election upon the future takings of the railways.

Most of the leading American railway stocks have lost a point since the "carry-over", the "bear" position having been extended by the reduction of the Pittsburg St. Louis Co.'s dividend, that company being the most important of the subsidiaries of the Pennsylvania Railway. Canadian Pacifics touched 216 at one period, but the rapid fall after heavy professional liquidation indicates that the public can scarcely rely upon a stable quotation for any length of time.

Grand Trunk Railway stock has held fairly steady, despite the substantial decrease in the week's traffic figures; but the feature of the Foreign Railway market has been the extensive fluctuation in San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock. The political ruptures in Brazil have reflected more or less heavily upon this stock of late, but the quotation advanced 10 points on the report that the directors will shortly issue £600,000 of new stock at a price which will give a bonus of about 8 per cent. The current price of the existing stock is 239, which is 9 points above the "making-up" quotation.

In view of the exceptional adverse influences against which the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway have had to contend during the past half-year—and making allowance for the fact that £473,000 was brought forward, compared with £136,000 brought in at the beginning of 1912-13—the interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum now declared must be considered favourable, particularly when it is recalled that the traffic returns showed a decrease of over £500,000 for the half-year ended December 31st. The market professed to be disappointed, however, and the stock was reduced to 111½.

Brazilian bonds have been conspicuous in the Foreign Bond Market, extensive purchases having been made, in addition to large "bear" covering operations. Brazil Five per Cents. are now 2½ points above the recent "making-up" figure, and the 1889's are 1½ higher. With regard to the prospect of greater stability of Brazilian finance, it is interesting to note that arrangements are being made for an advance to the Brazilian Government by French bankers.

Mining shares appear to offer no great facility for "bear" operations—which at the best is always a more or less risky proceeding for the public operator—and on the other hand dealers despair of attracting many supporters in the immediate future; so that in all probability next week will witness a further fractional decline in values. Professionals have succeeded in forcing Kirkland Lake shares up a little, and the Tough Oakes issue, which is a subsidiary, has wiped out a part of its discount. The market is speaking a good deal of the probability of future influential support of the latter shares, but the prospects of that company are far too cloudy to make speculation attractive in that direction.

Although Oil shares have not been generally active, individual issues have changed hands much more freely among professionals during the past few days. The prominent feature has been the support of the new Caucasian shares, which are now fully paid, and there seems to be probability in the rumour that "Shell" Transport interests are buying with a view to securing control of that concern. Spies Petroleum shares have been in good demand, both on home and French account, and have advanced to 23s. 6d.

Rubber shares offer no attraction at present, but several Industrial issues have been prominent, Brazil Traction particularly so at 85. The Cunard directors have declared a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. less tax, and the £1 shares are now quoted at 32s. upon the Stock Exchange.

The directors of Armstrong Whitworth have declared a dividend of 12½ per cent., and carried forward £323,000.



Governor—  
 SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK,  
 K.C.M.G.

Head Office.  
 Incorporated  
 A.D.  
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(Continued on page 414.)

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